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CONSERVATIVES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE is a very close and a very instructive parallel between the position occupied at this moment by the Conservative party here and that occupied by the Democrats in America. Both are great parties, both seem to have clear intelligible principles on which they might rely, and yet both are wavering in policy and feeble in action. In the ranks of attorneydom the Conservatives are considered a very great and a very flourishing party. The Conservative candidate is a likely winner in most county elections, and in many of those boroughs where politics are liable to fluctuate according as the opinions and the custom and the beer-giving powers of the squirearchy around may incline the scale. Everywhere the party is pronounced to be strong. Its attorney is the truly respectable man of the place; its hotel is the best and cleanest; its tap is the purest and strongest; its press has the readiest flux of provincial abuse; its watch-dog at registration fights barks the loudest and the longest. In all the more quiet and sleepy parts of England, in the old-fashioned boroughs and in the counties, Conservatism is looking up. So, in America, the Democrats had a short time ago a numerical majority, and although Secession greatly weakened them, yet they had an organization which was wanting to their adversaries. They had a large portion of American respectability on their side; they could command an undisputed pre-eminence in New York; and, even now, their political strength is so great that it is not impossible they may carry their candidate at the next Presidential election, however unlikely it may be that the Republicans, with the enormous advantage on their side of being able to control the army, will suffer themselves to be defeated. And yet the Conservatives and the Democrats alike disappoint those who look to them in the hour of trial. The Conservative Opposition here comes to astonishingly little. Like the Democrats, when the pinch comes, its leaders do nothing but adopt the measures of their opponents. The Democrats have a very kindly feeling for the South. They view with regret the waste of life and treasure which the civil war causes; they have a lingering attachment to the old Constitution, and are terrified at the suspension of all the securities by which, in old days, political and personal liberty was guaranteed; and yet the Democrat leaders have never anything to say about the war that is worth a moment's hearing. They swim with the stream, and say that the war is necessary and must still be carried on. All they can venture on is small criticism of details, and the exposure of the thousand military blunders which are sure to be committed by civilian generals conducting raw troops through campaigns over vast tracts of country. No wonder that the Federals are unwilling to trust the government of their affairs to men who have nothing bigger and bolder to say than this. In the same way, the Conservatives always break down when there arises any call on them for a definite policy. They, too, can do nothing more than make personal attacks and shine in encounters of words. Lord DERBY made a clever and an amusing speech in the debate on the Address, but he had nothing whatever to propose except that the Ministry should go on doing as it has done and is going to do. The blunders of Lord RUSSELL are like the sands on the shore, or the blunders of HOOKER and BURNSIDE. His despatches are as open to criticism as the proclamations of Mr. LINCOLN. But if the end of all discussion is that there are to be more attacks on Richmond on the one side of the Atlantic, and a continued withdrawal of England from all European contests on the other, criticism of details goes a very little way, and gives the nation very little reason to change its rulers. We cannot regret that the Conservative party shrank from proposing to go to war for the Danes, because a war under the circumstances would have been, we think, wrong, and would have proceeded from a misconception

of the quarrel between Germany and Denmark. But the Conservative party in a manner stultified itself by sitting still without a word to say for the Danes. The organs of the party had been furious in their advocacy of the Danish cause; the few Conservative leaders who had spoken at all were decided in their hostility to Germany. Unless the party is of opinion that England should fight when its pacific interference is openly set at naught, it can scarcely be said to have any foreign policy at all. Every one must allow that, great as are the advantages of a pacific policy, there is much to be said for the system of keeping alive the influence of England by showing a perfect readiness to fight in the last resort. The Conservatives led the country to believe that this was their policy, and that, in the case of Denmark, they would stick to it; but when the occasion at last arose, all they could do was to raise a little laugh against Lord RUSSELL, and practically adopt his policy. The Conservatives do not guide the country, or attempt to guide it. They only make an occasional effort to prevent the Session being hopelessly and absolutely dull.

The reasons why the Conservative parties are thus paralyzed in both countries are much the same. In both there is the accidental circumstance that the real leaders of the party have been taken away from it by a great stroke of fate. The chief men of the Democrats were Southerners, and Secession has robbed the party of its greatest lights. Free Trade inflicted the same evil on the Conservatives here, and deprived them of most of their best and ablest leaders. If, in the States, there had been any number of men known to fame, accustomed to get the ear of the public, and possessing the vigour and boldness which the old Democratic leaders displayed, and if these men in the early days of the war had openly insisted on the folly of the contest and on the blessings of a peaceable separation, the history of America during the last two years might have been very different. The Conservatives in England, although so many years have passed away since the great split which shook their party so severely, and although they have almost regained their whole electioneering strength, have not recovered the loss of their best men, and are still deficient in leaders who, on any topic whatever, speak what the general English public cares to hear or will consent to be guided by. The ingenious sophistries of Mr. DISRAELI amuse the readers of newspapers, but are not believed in even by his own party. When the defence of the Church of England reposes in the hands of the author of *Tancred*, it would be a very stiff man who would not laugh, and a very silly man who would do more than laugh. Other Conservative leaders, like Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, handle special subjects with dexterity and competent knowledge, but no Conservatives sketch out the general policy of the country with anything like authority or breadth of view. Nor is this all. The Conservatives, like the Democrats, have against them the only men who feel intensely, however narrowly, about politics. The Abolitionists are not, or were not, very strong in numbers, and were long regarded as an unpractical and local coterie. But they had a thorough belief in their own opinions, and an earnest, unscrupulous determination to carry their opinions out. They were intense and shallow enough to be capable of regarding everything in heaven and earth from the single point of view of the immediate abolition of slavery. Their unreserve, their audacity, and their concentration of thought and action have enabled them to wield the power of the Republican party to their profit, and to determine the policy of their Government. Here, the Manchester school of politicians has few adherents, but its adherents are resolute, can speak with fervour and effect, and know exactly what they want. They are as determined that England shall not fight as the Abolitionists are that the North shall go on fighting. They, like the Abolitionists,

speaking out at once, while men's minds are still wavering, and get the command of general opinion. The Conservatives, with no ardour, with little belief in themselves, with moderate confidence in their leaders, and with the habit of never looking beyond a passive and critical policy, shrink from encountering the animosity of such ardent antagonists, and relapse into the safe and humble occupation of minute and petulant criticism.

If a great shock of calamity bursts the bonds of American society, or if the patience of the nation gives way under long and protracted disappointment, the national policy may alter, and the Democrats, daring to pronounce the dreaded name of peace, may assume a commanding position, and once more gain a substantial power. So, too, if war were resolved on by England, or the inclination to fight were so strong that those who first took advantage of it were carried on the top of the wave and borne into the control of public affairs, the Conservatives might once more gain a distinct basis of power, and might become associated with the triumph of a definite policy. But, in ordinary times, there is always a current running against the passive party in a country which it is difficult for it to stem. The mere fact that the Republicans rule in America and the Liberals in England makes it, in some degree, easier that this rule should continue. The mere tenure of office gives a prestige which rises superior to criticism, unless it is the criticism of men of superior ability or superior resolution. And each day events occur under the influence of an existing Government which determine almost inevitably the policy of the country. There is no longer a clear field in which the opinions of those opposed to the Government can find play. A Democratic Government, if it came into office at once, must still face all the difficulties caused by the occupation of Louisiana or the enrolment of negro troops. Lord DERBY would find now, as he found during both his former tenures of power, that so many schemes and lines of policy and combinations had been set on foot by his predecessors that he would be obliged in a great measure to follow where they had pointed the way. Nor is the difficulty of Conservatism to find capable leaders and a distinct line of action felt only here and in America. It is felt almost equally in every Constitutional country at present. In Germany, the Conservative party is very strong, both because the great German Courts are strongly in favour of it and because it represents the tradition of the country to which it belongs. It may be an unwelcome truth, but it is still true, that Austria is a small German State presiding over alien dependencies by the power of the sword, and that Prussia is an agglomeration of provinces robbed from their owners by the concentration of military strength under an absolute monarch. When the Conservatives of Austria and Prussia say that the policy which created their greatness can alone preserve it, they have a solid foundation for their argument. And yet, at a time of popular excitement, and even under the pressure of daily political life, the strength of the German Conservative parties is visibly wearing away. It was the observation of this general decay of power in the Conservative party throughout Europe that led some eminent French speculators into the generalization that the advance of democracy was everywhere something fated and irresistible, like the oncoming of a tide over the sands. We cannot think that this is true, at any rate as to England; but it is evident that the Conservatives cannot hold a great position in the country so long as the circumstances of the times or of their party condemn them to preserve their present attitude of dissatisfied inaction.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

THERE is no doubt that the evacuation of the Dannewerke was a strategic, and probably a judicious, movement. The Danes have not abandoned their purpose of resistance to superior force, and probably their present positions are comparatively tenable. If they can hold the island of Alsens, with or without the advanced post of Düppeln on the mainland, they may, with the aid of their naval force, compel the enemy to exercise constant vigilance, although it is improbable that they should recover possession of the mainland of Schleswig. Austria and Prussia have shown by their rapid operations that they consider time of importance, and consequently the Danish generals will think it their interest to postpone a decisive conflict, even if they ultimately risk an engagement. The comparatively small loss of life which has been incurred on either side may facilitate negotiation, and thus far Austria and Prussia have not repudiated the

professions with which they commenced the war. The reserves which were appended to the identical note delivered to the English Minister indicate the inevitable result of a prolonged contest. It is certain that, however unjustly and oppressively a war may be commenced, the stronger or more successful belligerent is likely, in dictating the terms of peace, to disregard the conditions and limitations of the original quarrel. For the present, however, the Austrian and Prussian Governments are bound to recognise the united Danish Monarchy, as it is impossible for them to pretend that the petty combats in Schleswig have imposed sacrifices which could excuse or justify additional claims. In beginning the war, they could anticipate no more favourable course of events, and the expected defence of the Dannewerke would have exposed the invading army to far heavier losses. The minor German States, and the supporters of the popular cause in all parts of the Confederation, are so strongly convinced of the moderation of the two Great Powers that they loudly accuse them of secret complicity with the King of DENMARK. According to the current theory, Austria and Prussia are advancing to hold Schleswig and Holstein rather against the Federal troops and the partisans of AUGUSTENBURG than as a security for the concessions which are demanded from the Danes. The English irritation against what is thought a lawless aggression is not more genuine than the anger of the Germans, and it is incomparably less vehement and bitter. It is as a menace and an expression of resentment that violent German partisans are encouraging the petty Princes to intrigue with France, and to divide Germany in two, as the first step to the assertion of its unity.

The conduct of Austria, and more especially of Prussia, in the former war, lends colour to the prevailing suspicions. The Prussian army, after driving the Danes out of the greater part of the peninsula, finally left the Schleswig-Holstein troops exposed to the superior Danish force; and the Austrians ultimately occupied Holstein, for the purpose of restoring it to Denmark. Both Governments were at that time terrified by the revolutionary spirit, and they are now scarcely less alarmed by the violent outburst of national feeling in Germany. The conflagration is, as they think, rapidly gaining on their rear, and they set fire to the prairie before them as their only method of anticipating and neutralizing the danger. If their policy is neither heroic nor absolutely justifiable, it is at least intelligible; and there is no use in denouncing the author of the artificial fire as an incendiary, unless it can be shown that the original mischief could have been otherwise modified or averted. It is barely possible that the direct and open opposition of England might have held Germany in check, but it is far more likely that the effect of foreign menaces would have been to force Austria and Prussia into close alliance with their more zealous confederates. The questions in dispute admit of no confident decision in favour of either party, although it might be supposed, from the language of the writers who conduct the controversy on both sides, that either Denmark or Germany has been guilty of shameless injustice. The statements of the advocates are sufficiently plausible to satisfy those who are already determined to be convinced, and the whole of Germany is persuaded that the conquest of Schleswig is a duty as well as a right. The English Government, after striving in vain to keep the balance even, naturally inclines against the disputant who has referred the decision to arms. It was probably not without vigorous efforts that the opponents of war in the Cabinet prevented an armed interference; but although the recent proceedings of the German Courts have been both irritating and perplexing, no consideration of national honour or interest would have justified the extreme measure of war. It cannot be too steadily remembered that England would be wholly unconcerned in the question of the succession to the Duchies but for her participation in the Treaty of 1852. During the negotiations, a proposal that the Great Powers should guarantee the succession was formally rejected by the English Government; and although the parties to a contract are justified, if they have a sufficient motive for acting, in enforcing the obligations which it imposes, the bare right is, in the present instance, wholly unsupported by any beneficial interest in the covenants of the Treaty. No reasonable person can doubt that it would be more expedient, if the question were perfectly open, that Holstein and Southern Schleswig should belong to Germany, than that an obnoxious and unpopular union with Denmark should be maintained by external force. On one side are dynastic claims originating in a recent treaty, on the other are the apparently unanimous

wishes of the population coinciding, at least as far as Holstein is concerned, with the ancient law of succession. It is true that, as far as England and the Great Powers are concerned, the question is no longer open. The Treaty which both parties in Parliament defend, because they are jointly liable to the reproach of having concluded it, overrules, to the extent of its terms, the discretion of the English Government. The German Diet, with Bavaria and Baden, is at liberty to dispute the validity of the treaty, but Austria and Prussia are bound by the engagements which they contracted in a period of the deepest national disgrace. It is scarcely wise to precipitate a quarrel with Governments which are incurring the indignation of their countrymen and of the entire nation by their partial deference to the remonstrances of England. If the Great German Powers are pressed too far, they may fall back on the national party, and may effectually silence the adversaries who are taunting Germany with its internal divisions and with the leaning of the petty States to French protection. The idle rumours of a revived Confederation of the Rhine are founded exclusively on the slackness of Austria and Prussia in supporting the popular cause. The blockade of Kiel by an English squadron would have forced the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria to adopt, to its fullest extent, the policy of Frankfort, of Munich, and of Dresden. It would scarcely be seasonable to ridicule the disunion of Germans at the moment when, for almost the first time in history, they would be united in a common enterprise.

The power of England, in a just cause and on a suitable field of conflict, would be not inadequate to a war even with the great German nation. The command of the sea might compensate for numerical inferiority on land; and, as against Austria, it would not be difficult to bring formidable allies into the arena. Yet the quarrel, unless it was absolutely indispensable to vindicate the national honour, would be an act of suicidal folly. Alone among the great Powers of Europe, Germany is absolutely incapable of becoming dangerous to England; and, on the other hand, if the German Governments were heartily united, neither France nor Russia could lift a hand beyond their proper frontiers. The consciousness of common interests has, from time immemorial, prevented the rupture which thoughtless enthusiasts would hurry on under the influence of momentary irritation. Even in the Seven Years' War, when England and Austria were accidentally ranged on opposite sides, all serious collision was avoided by tacit consent. England and Prussia fought against France, and Prussia prosecuted a desperate struggle with Austria, but between Austria and England there was scarcely a shadow of hostile feeling. Active interference in the Danish contest would have alienated German sympathies for at least one generation, and, in the probable contingency of French intrigues with the German Courts, England would have been dangerously isolated.

It is too probable that the war may last long enough to furnish Prussia and Austria with an excuse for reopening the whole question which was settled in 1851 and 1852. Both Governments have promised, if the contingency occurs, to give the other parties to the treaty a share in the future arrangements. The subject-matter in dispute is really small in comparison with the bitterness of the contest. The Danes might not be unwilling, by relinquishing Holstein, to break off their damaging connexion with Germany; and the Germans have no interest in annexing the northern part of Schleswig, which is inhabited by a purely Danish population. National interests, if not national feelings, would be reconciled by a division of the province approximately coinciding with the separation of races. In the early part of 1850, Lord PALMERSTON proposed this settlement of the dispute, and both parties to the quarrel have reason to regret that they rejected his overtures. The respective rights of the disputants are almost incapable of determination, and a compromise is the best substitute for a doubtful judgment. If such an adjustment of the quarrel should be ultimately arranged, it would be necessary, if possible, to obtain from the Emperor of Russia a fresh renunciation of his hereditary pretensions to the Gottorp portion of Holstein. His title to parts of Schleswig is sufficiently extinguished by the renunciation of the Grand Duke PAUL in 1773. It would be useless for the moment to propose a division of the disputed territory, but statesmen ought to be prepared for a state of affairs which may at any time require their decision. In the meantime the English Government must, in the absence of any moral or legal obligation to interfere, abstain from participating in the contest.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENT.

THERE is no more dangerous temper of mind than that which expresses itself in the cry that "something must be done." Vague terror, and an indefinite craving for action, are the worst of counsellors. It is no matter of surprise that the Church of England, which was two years ago induced to listen to their suggestions, finds herself just now in a helpless and undignified plight. When the *Essays and Reviews* first appeared, or rather when injudicious dignitaries first forced them into notoriety, the great mass of the clergy were suddenly panic-struck. They became deaf to all reasonable representations of the real nature of the danger which they thought they had discovered. In vain they were told that the speculations were not new, that the form in which they were couched was not fascinating, and that, if they exercised any extensive influence, they could only derive it from the importance which the clerical body itself was lending to them. Remonstrances fell upon heedless ears; and the remonstrants were rebuked as lukewarm friends, or more commonly as secret enemies, of the Christian religion. The imaginations of the clergy had conjured up a gigantic ghost, and those who agreed in nothing else were all of one mind as to the necessity of slaying it. And, therefore, the fatal resolution was very generally come to that something must be done.

If, before resolving on this general proposition, the clergy who joined in the movement had bethought themselves of inquiring what it was that they were to do, it is possible that they might have recoiled from the ignominy and the peril to which they were exposing their Church. The doctrines and practice of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were no novelty to them. Previous cases had familiarized the world with the legal principles which that body found itself bound to apply to disputed questions of dogma. And it was obvious that the decision of questions of religious faith according to the principles of dry law was not likely to have a satisfactory moral effect upon the mass of lay believers. But it was not to be expected that the Judicial Committee would proceed upon any other principles. They were all distinguished lawyers, and the Court over which they presided was nothing but a legal tribunal. To them, the creeds, the prayers, the articles of the Church were only so many schedules to a statute. Legislative force had been given to them by the Act of Uniformity and other Acts, and therefore it was the duty of the competent Courts of Law to construe them as they would have construed any other portion of the Statute-book. Penal consequences were attached to a contravention of these formularies by a clergyman, and therefore they were to be construed with the strictness which is brought to bear upon penal statutes generally. But theological controversies can only bear this process if the formularies over which they are waged have been framed specially with a view to the precise questions at issue. Theology is not easily confined within the trammels of legal phraseology. Its subject-matter is too mysterious, it deals too much with truths which the human intellect can but half apprehend, to suffer the use of language of absolute precision. Any given error can be guarded against in the construction of a formulary. But the most acute conveyancer in Lincoln's Inn could not frame words that should exclude unknown as well as known opinions—that should condemn, with distinctness sufficient for the purposes of penal legislation, not only all existing heresies, but all the views which in any future age might be deemed unorthodox. The Reformers would have been gifted not only with acumen, but with prophecy, if they had foreseen all the opinions which political, scientific, or moral changes might combine to generate within the three succeeding centuries. Judges who are called upon to decide upon nineteenth-century controversies by the light of sixteenth-century formularies have before them a task not unlike that of deciding whether iron-plated ships are armed within the meaning of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which was passed before iron-plated ships had been invented. The forfeiture which would accrue in either case necessarily inclines an English Court of justice to lean to the side of the defendant.

All this was very evident, and must have been perfectly well-known to the dignitaries who set this movement on foot. They were probably misled by a false historical analogy. The United Church in old time, and the Roman Church to this day, always prosecuted those who were looked on as heterodox by the dominant religious feeling of the time. Therefore, it was argued, we ought to prosecute now, if we intend to be like the ancient Church. But prosecution meant a very different thing then from what it means now. The great religious innovators of earlier times were undoubtedly tried for their dogmatic offences; but it was not before tribunals bound to

decide according to the strict letter of an unyielding law. The authority exercised by the ancient Councils by whom heretics were condemned was not judicial, but paternal—if that metaphor may be applied to a jurisdiction so stern in its character. They held themselves bound by no old formularies. If what they considered to be new error presented itself, they met it by new definitions. Such a discretion would be wholly incompatible with civil and religious liberty, as we understand them at the present day. But that change of conditions, however salutary, entirely alters the nature of an ecclesiastical prosecution. It is of no use trying to imitate the ancient Church in such proceedings when the materials for doing so do not exist. An English clergyman tried upon a doubtful statute before Lord WESTBURY at Whitehall is one thing; ARIUS arraigned before HOSIUS at Nicæa for deadly heresy, of which the Council was the unfettered judge, is quite another thing. The two things have about as much resemblance to each other as the position of CONSTANTINE has to the position of Queen VICTORIA. It is worse than useless to confound a tribunal, which can only construe statutes, with a synod, which can lay down articles of faith. There may be some who would like to see the despotic power of the old Councils revived. There are probably many more who would look upon such a resuscitation with anything but enthusiasm. But the facts remain, whatever estimate may be formed of them. If you are shut up in a cage, it is open to you to dispute whether bars are or are not advantageous additions to the sides. But you will only get a bloody scalp for your pains if you carry your unfavourable opinion to the length of dashing your head against them.

This confusion of thought into which the prosecutors have fallen has issued disastrously for the objects of Church policy they had at heart. The prosecutor in the recent suit probably believes that he has been following in the footsteps of Athanasius; but he has compassed a result which would have been as distasteful to his exemplar as it is to himself. He desired to fence in the field of Churchmanship at a point where he thought the hedges had been neglected; but all that he has done has been to lay low a considerable length of fence which, before he commenced his efforts, seemed to be in perfectly good repair. It is never the policy of those who wish to put the most rigid interpretation upon a doubtful penal law to drag it needlessly into Courts of Justice. Holes are sure to be found in it by astute lawyers and judges; and those holes, once discovered, can never be closed again. As long as it remains indefinite and untried, its terrors will probably extend far beyond its real powers. The legal effect of these ecclesiastical prosecutions is pretty sure to be precisely the reverse of that which those who institute them desire. Their moral effect will probably be deplored even by those who desire to see the wide limits of the Church of England made wider still. The mode in which lawyers must needs handle sacred doctrines is deeply repulsive to men of reverential feeling. Ordinary people do not draw the distinction between legal and theological scepticism; and they are apt to conclude that doctrines have no foothold in revelation which happen not to be discoverable in the formularies that have received a Parliamentary sanction. Lord WESTBURY is, no doubt, in his heart, a devout believer; but the language in which he was compelled to dissect dogmas which millions in this country have been taught to cherish as unassailable cannot be salutary in its effects either upon the spiritual life of the religious or the morality of the mass. But the responsibility for all this evil lies upon the shoulders of those who, if they had more deeply reflected, might have foreseen the danger upon which they were rushing, and yet resolved to hazard it.

JAPAN.

IT was proper that the alleged destruction of Kagosima should be discussed in the House of Commons, but the debate threw no additional light on the subject. It is the business of Parliament to sum up every important political controversy, and the greatest advantage of the process consists in the juxtaposition of conflicting arguments; but the press had, as usual, anticipated and exhausted the discussion. Mr. BUXTON's resolution attributed the blame of the untoward transaction exclusively to Admiral KUPER, and although it is proper on all occasions to use the mildest terms in which a proposition can be expressed, there was little difference between a charge of misconception of orders and an imputation of deliberate cruelty. Mr. BUXTON was of course aware that Admiral KUPER had not, in Colonel NEALE's opinion, misconceived in the smallest degree the orders which were transmitted by Lord RUSSELL through the English Minister, who, during the bombardment, stood by the side of the Admiral.

Every shot which was fired was virtually sanctioned by the agent of the Foreign Office, and the conduct of the squadron and its commanding officer was warmly approved in his Report. If at any moment Colonel NEALE had declared that the objects of the expedition were accomplished, the fire would immediately have ceased. If, therefore, it was the duty of the Admiral to obey the Minister's directions, the responsibility must in the first instance be transferred to Colonel NEALE. Lord RUSSELL's original despatch admits of a double interpretation, and perhaps it was not Admiral KUPER's imperative duty to shell the Prince of SATSUMA's palace unless he could abstain from inflicting incidental injury on the innocent inhabitants of the town. Yet it is a maxim of common sense, as well as of law, that official approval has a retrospective operation which makes it equivalent to a command. After receiving all the information which has up to this time been laid before Parliament, Lord RUSSELL conferred the Companionship of the Bath on Colonel NEALE, as a reward for his recent services. It is true that the decoration was not expressly awarded in consideration of the attack on Kagosima, but the destruction of the town was discussed in the same despatch, and it is impossible to doubt that the Home Government considers that the expedition against the Prince of SATSUMA, with its results, was on the whole not deserving of censure. The House of Commons, having expunged from the resolution the words which reflected on Admiral KUPER's character, and having ultimately rejected the motion itself, is now practically committed to at least a negative sanction of the entire transaction. All parties regret that a large town has been burnt, but, if the Government is not to be blamed, its subordinate agents must be supposed to have done their duty. Scrupulous consciences would gladly accept the statements of Mr. LAYARD and Sir J. ELPHINSTONE, that over the wide regions of the East, from Turkey to China and Japan, conflagrations are considered the most ordinary and harmless of occurrences. According to Mr. LAYARD, a fire as large as that of Kagosima breaks out at Constantinople once a month, without serious danger to life. Sir J. ELPHINSTONE witnessed a similar event during the bombardment of Canton, and he satisfied himself that the residents not only moved away in safety, but carried their property with them. It is to be hoped that the population of Kagosima took proper precautions when they saw the English squadron, but it is difficult to believe that even their houses of bamboo and paper were destroyed without serious inconvenience. Admiral KUPER apparently thought that his measures would not be altogether agreeable, as he informed the Japanese envoys that the town would be destroyed if the English demands were not conceded. The accomplishment of the threat has probably not been without effect in persuading the Prince of SATSUMA to pay the required indemnity.

It must be owned that 125,000*l.* seems an unusually large compensation for a single murder; but the amount has, in fact, never formed the subject of serious dispute. The excuse or justification of Colonel NEALE's policy is to be found in the curiously complicated relations of the Tycoon's Government to the Treaty Powers. The correspondence which has recently been published shows that firmness and the ready display of force are absolutely indispensable if commerce with Japan is to continue. The American Minister, in conformity with the habitual policy of his Government, endeavoured to separate himself from the counsels and measures of his European colleagues. Even when his residence was burnt and his Secretary of Legation murdered, Mr. PRUYN still thought that silence and submission would conciliate the Japanese, and perplex the more vigorous Treaty Powers. The English residents in Japan are probably mistaken in their belief that the Japanese purchases of arms in the United States are managed by the American Minister; but hitherto it has been understood that England, France, Russia, and Holland would receive no assistance from America in their support of civilization against the astute and polished barbarism of Japan. Mr. PRUYN has happily at last discovered that he is indebted to the presence of the English squadron for the partial immunity of his countrymen from native outrages. An American man-of-war has failed in an attempt to punish a Daimio who had fired on a merchant vessel, and henceforth all the representatives of commercial States will probably concert the measures which they may adopt for self-defence. Shortly before the attack on Kagosima, the Government of Jeddo had more than once announced to the foreign Ministers and Consuls that the ports which are frequented in accordance with the treaty would forthwith be closed. Colonel NEALE properly refused even to listen to a communication which he justly represented as an act of war; but it is

evident that the appearance of Admiral KUPER at Yokohama, and his subsequent punishment of the Prince of SATSUMA, explains a later declaration that the policy of the Government is changed, and that the notice to quit is withdrawn. As far as it is possible to understand the obscure politics of Japan, the TYCOON and his Ministers are probably strengthened by every demonstration of European power and resolution. The admission of foreigners will, according to its results, be regarded as the triumph or disgrace of the actual Government. Whenever the Ministers are exposed to severe pressure, they attempt to violate the covenants of the treaty, not perhaps without a hope that vigorous resistance may give them a pretext for persisting in their own more liberal policy.

The double Government of Japan, which has always been a mystery, is becoming partially intelligible, perhaps on the eve of a profound modification. There is reason to believe that the MIKADO or spiritual Sovereign, while he retained his titular pre-eminence, had, to a great extent, subsided into a fiction. The TYCOON, with the aid, or in spite of the opposition, of the feudal chiefs, has absorbed the principal powers of government, and it was in virtue of an undisputed prerogative that he concluded the treaties with the United States and with the European Powers. In Europe, as well as in Asia, there have been many analogous cases of secondary dynasties which had reduced the nominal supremacy of a rival to a cypher. PEPIN and his successors bore a similar relation to the last Merovingian Kings, and the Peishwah or Prime Minister of the Mahrattas had similarly superseded the degenerate descendants of SIVAJEE. It is possible that a still more apposite illustration might be supplied by the political insignificance of the Popes under the great German Emperors, or during the preponderance of LOUIS XIV. on the Continent. It was not until the nobles became discontented with the presence of foreigners that they seem to have reinvented the MIKADO as an instrument for controlling the TYCOON. The venerable head of religion, like ecclesiastics in many parts of the world, is easily persuaded to denounce improvement and liberality. He has consequently issued repeated mandates to the TYCOON to expel the foreigners; and when the acting Government is alarmed, or ill-disposed to the strangers, it always pleads the necessity of obeying superior orders. In the course of last year the TYCOON was persuaded to visit the MIKADO at Kioto, and during his absence Colonel NEALE found the Government unusually refractory and impracticable. It seems that the malcontent Daimios intended to detain the TYCOON at the spiritual capital, and that he was only enabled to depart after calling out his guard. On his return to Jeddo, the indemnity was immediately paid, and, unless some secret understanding exists with the hostile faction, his Government appears for the present to be well disposed. The Daimios have probably been frightened by the blow inflicted on the Prince of SATSUMA, and by the preparations of the French and Americans to resent the misconduct of one of the Daimios' principal allies, the Prince of NAGATO.

Some curious letters from the great nobles to the TYCOON's Council have fallen into the hands of the English Minister. The Prince of NAGATO dwells on the necessity of concord between the TYCOON and the MIKADO, with many sententious truisms about the force of unity and the weakness of discord. At another time he reminds the Government that foreigners have once before been driven from Japan, although they had then, as now, ships, discipline, and artillery. There is no difference, he says, except that steam is substituted for sails, so that the intruders, as he facetiously suggests, will be able to take themselves off the sooner. The MIKADO, as becomes a Japanese Pope, writes in a more pompous and antiquated style. PIUS IX. himself might adopt the statement that "from ancient times till now the heart of the MIKADO has not at all changed." He accordingly commands the "Willow Palace," or TYCOON, "to determine that the foreign barbarians shall be swept out of the country," and "to fix upon a period for cutting off the ugly barbarians." As in all similar allocutions, it is thought unnecessary to consider whether the divine command is likely to be obeyed or capable of being enforced. It is quite certain that no English Government will propose to retire from the Japanese ports, especially as the French, the Russians, and the Americans would not follow the self-denying example. On the other hand, Foreign Ministers and Admirals will do well, if possible, to abstain from burning towns when they have occasion to bombard castles or to silence batteries. It is highly desirable to preserve all the restrictions which have been imposed on the licence of war, and no exception ought to be made to the detriment of a race with which it is impossible to feel serious moral indignation.

THE ALEXANDRA.

BOTH lawyers and the public may reasonably regret the turn which the case of the *Alexandra* has taken. It costs much, both in time and money, to get an important cause into the shape which it assumes before a Court of Appeal; and if the law as to the sale of ships to belligerents is not settled by the case of the *Alexandra*, it may be very long before it is settled, and in the present state of things this is a great evil. Whether or not the Foreign Enlistment Act provides a sufficient remedy for the inconveniences which it is intended to meet, it would at least be most desirable to learn, once for all, what a shipbuilder may and what he may not do under it. If a definite rule were once laid down, the Government would know when to act, and when to decline acting, in obedience to the menaces or entreaties of foreign States. Shipbuilders would have some idea of what they were about when they were laying out money with a prospect of being able to send the ship ordered from them to sea, and a judge would know what rules to lay down for the guidance of the jury if a fresh prosecution were instituted under the Act. It is true that there are many questions as to the building and sale of ships in time of war, which it could not have been expected that the judgment of the House of Lords in the *Alexandra* case would decide. But the cardinal point would have been set at rest, and it would have been settled, once for all, whether the equipment of a ship subjects it to condemnation because the equipment itself is of a kind exclusively warlike, or because the equipper intends the ship when equipped to be used by a belligerent. Is hostile equipment a question of fact or of intention? This is what the House of Lords would determine if the *Alexandra* case ran its natural course. And in practice the decision would have great importance, for, so far as the cases forced on the notice of our Government by the Federal agents have gone hitherto, it appears to be surprisingly easy to get evidence of the intention. In the case of the *Alexandra* itself, the proof that she was intended for the Confederate service was so irresistible that nothing more than a very feeble attempt was made to deny it. And therefore, if the supreme Court of Appeal adopted the view taken by the law officers of the Crown, and held that, where the intent was hostile, every act on the part of the builder was infected by that intent and imprinted a hostile character on the ship, it would be easy to stop all ships as to the destination of which the builders or their employers had not preserved a scrupulous secrecy. This is all that the *Alexandra* case would have decided, and it is a subject of much regret that this decision, if sound in law, has not been pronounced. But it must be remembered that we can scarcely hope that the proof of intent will always be so strong as in the cases of the *Alabama* and the *Alexandra*. From the correspondence laid within the last few days before Parliament, it appears that, in spite of the urgent applications of Mr. ADAMS for the seizure of the steam-rans, Lord RUSSELL long refused to interfere, because there was no evidence to show that these rans were not really being built for the French purchaser who had given the order. They were seized at last, and it may be presumed, therefore, that some fresh evidence of their destination was procured. But it is evident that, when once the notion has become popularized that the fate of the ship depends on the pertinacity with which all legal proof of her destination is withheld, it will begin to be very difficult indeed to obtain evidence of destination which will satisfy a jury.

Everything tends to make us wish more and more earnestly that neutrals should be in some effectual way prevented from sending out ships of war to help belligerents. A little more popular excitement, a little more sensitiveness in the Ministry, a little more vigour in the Opposition, and we should before this have been at war with the two great German Powers. The Federals would then have had their revenge. They could have sent out *Alabamas* and *Floridas* from their ports, and have preyed upon the mercantile marine of England. We entirely refuse to consider the *Alabama* in any way an English ship, or to hold ourselves accountable for her proceedings, and we do this because the *Alabama* has passed into the Confederate service. The Federal Government has repeatedly asked us for compensation to repay American subjects the losses to which the captures made by the *Alabama* have subjected them. Mr. SEWARD points out that the *Alabama* was built in England, provided with her armaments from England, sailed from an English port, is manned almost entirely by Englishmen, is coaled from England, and provides her crew with wages and bounties which are regularly paid to English families. He urges that it is thus to all intents and purposes an English ship that is ruining and robbing Americans. To this our Government has replied, that directly the

vessel passed into the Confederate service England had nothing more to do with her, and that it was then the business of the Federals to chase and capture her if they could. There can, we think, be no doubt that the English argument is technically right. But then what is meant by passing into the Confederate service? It means nothing more than that an officer having a formal commission from the Richmond authorities comes on board, hoists his flag, and assumes the command. Austria and Prussia have got no fleet, but they could easily find plenty of Germans who would take over commissions to America and embark on board the vessels fitted out to plunder our mercantile navy. Directly these persons got on board, the vessels would belong to Austria or Prussia, and we should have no further redress except to complain to the Federal Government that these vessels were suffered to get to sea. To this the Government of Washington, if inclined to enjoy an easy triumph, might answer that the English Cabinet must know from its own experience how easily a vessel may get to sea as if on a pleasure trip, how exceedingly hard it is to prove the intention of the parties engaged in the transaction, and how many technical difficulties there are in applying any branch of law which is not of daily use. It would have been impossible beforehand to have dreamt of so astonishing an illustration of these difficulties as the present entanglement of the *Alexandra* case. Americans have a legal system sufficiently like that of England to understand the point in dispute, but it would be almost incredible to the jurists of any other nation that the release of a ship seized under the authority of the Crown should turn on the subtle question whether the Court of Exchequer, sitting on its Revenue side, when authorized by Act of Parliament to alter its procedure and practice, was thereby authorized to institute an appeal from itself.

Austria and Prussia have no mercantile marine on which, in the case supposed, we could retaliate, and no navy which could prolong the pleasure of smashing it into atoms beyond a few hours. They would, therefore, be to us in much the same position as the Confederates hold to the Federals. If, in spite of our unquestioned naval superiority, we found that these nations, without a ship of their own that could get to sea, were enabled to destroy our commerce by sending over officers to take the nominal command of vessels built in America, manned in America, and armed and coaled from America, it is just possible we might be annoyed, and if we were annoyed it is scarcely likely we should refrain from expressing our annoyance. We must own that the excitement produced in the Federal States by the history of the *Alabama* is natural, although it is easy to see that a nation in a moment of passionate excitement is incapable of looking at a legal question from a legal point of view, and that many of the theories about international law confidently maintained in America are demonstrably wrong. We have every inducement in this matter to do as we would be done by, and it is much to be desired that, if any legislative enactment can stop a practice so certain to recoil on ourselves, a stringent measure should be passed. It will probably be necessary to wait until a case coming under the Foreign Enlistment Act has been decided by the House of Lords, or otherwise the scope of the existing legislation cannot be known. But it may be confidently anticipated that no decision under the Foreign Enlistment Act can satisfactorily determine the whole discussion, and that, however the Act may be construed, a loophole will be left through which ingenious shipbuilders may defeat it. A Conference of the great maritime Powers, and municipal provisions made in accordance with the results of the Conference, appear to offer the only mode of settling this most important matter in an adequate and permanent way.

THE TOWNLEY CASE.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S defence has been so far successful that he has materially reduced in number the counts of the indictment against him. All the proceedings that took place before the prisoner's attorney had contrived to procure the famous certificate have ceased to be of any importance. Baron MARTIN may have been to blame in suggesting to the HOME SECRETARY to guide himself in any degree by the evidence of medical men who had been shown by the judge himself to have so grossly misconceived the legal meaning of insanity. The medical commission issued thereupon by Sir GEORGE GREY may have borne, in the summary character of its proceedings, a painful likeness to the irregular tribunal by which, in the case of JESSIE M'LACHLAN, the decision of judge and jury was reversed. But these preliminary steps are

unimportant now, because Sir GEORGE GREY has declared that he had made up his mind to disregard the report of his Commission, and to hang TOWNLEY in spite of it. The whole burden of this miscarriage of justice is now thrown upon the certificate and the proceedings that came after it. And for these Sir GEORGE GREY is only partially responsible. He might have sent back the prisoner to Derby Gaol as soon as the trick was discovered, and there execution might have been carried out. If he had done so, every calmly-judging person would have applauded his decision. But such a step would have implied a statesman of very different mettle from that which animates Sir GEORGE GREY.

For the certificate itself of course the two magistrates at Derby were mainly to blame. A familiarity with legal language could not have been looked for in a gaol surgeon and a union doctor. They naturally construed the word insanity according to the latitude allowed by the most extreme text-books of their own science. In strictness of medical language, any bodily organ which is not absolutely perfect may be spoken of as being diseased; and it is far from improbable that TOWNLEY's brain falls by many degrees short of ideal perfection. No such defence will avail for the magistrates. They were bound to know the legal meaning of the documents which they signed in their official capacity; and after Baron MARTIN's luminous exposition of the law upon that point, ignorance was particularly inexcusable. No one believes that they really were ignorant. They evidently construed the word "insanity," not according to the Judge's dictum, but according to a definition of their own; and that definition was furnished not by their intellect, but by their feelings. They were guilty of a kind of dishonesty which men easily persuade themselves is a virtue in disguise. It is the same kind of frailty as that of which juries are sometimes guilty, and were guilty much more often when the law was more severe than it is now. The Derby magistrates appear to have been unconscious wrong-doers. They had undoubtedly the excuse that little time was given them for thought. To resist the importunity of a clever attorney, who implored you to interpose to save a romantic young man from a premature death, and showed you medical certificates of insanity to save your conscience, would have required the exercise of more than Roman virtue. At all events, it would have implied a fuller appreciation of the value of stern honesty and justice than will generally be found in minds of a sentimental and benevolent turn.

But, of course, the cardinal fault was in the law which gave such power to such men. This is the point in regard to which the HOME SECRETARY'S defence altogether fails. As a mere administrator of the law he may have been blameless, or, at all events, guilty of only venial errors. But he is something more than this. The anomalous rule which confines the choice of the great officers of State to the very limited number of public men who have contrived, upon totally different grounds, to recommend themselves to some constituency, has not been upheld merely for the purpose of producing a class of good administrators. If it were only required to find men who would apply the law as it stands with intelligence and integrity, it would be both a cheaper and a more efficient plan to elevate to the rank of SECRETARY OF STATE some one of the able men who hold permanent positions in the Home Office. The qualities which enable a man to procure and keep a seat in the House of Commons are very far from being the qualities which make a good official. The inconvenience of submitting to take bad officials who have seats, rather than good officials who have not, is serious enough. The only compensation is that the official is certain to be a legislator as well. He may not be able to administer the law as it stands so well as a trained civil servant; but, if the law is defective, he is able to secure that it shall be amended. The legislative part of him, therefore, is the only part which is of any real value. And, accordingly, the tendency of public opinion in England has always been to measure a statesman, not by his conduct in his office, but by his conduct in Parliament. It is his duty as a leading member of Parliament which is peculiarly obligatory on him, because it is the only part of his duties which a permanent official could not perform at least equally well. A statesman, therefore, who tells us that a miscarriage of justice has taken place because the law in his department is bad, is self-condemned. It was his special business to take care that the law was not bad. He is selected in preference to far abler men who are not members of Parliament for no other reason. In leaving upon the Statute-book such an Act as that by which TOWNLEY escaped, Sir GEORGE GREY neglected his primary duty. It appears from his speech that this very foolish Act was far from being an obscure or a forgotten statute. It was in constant work. It was part of the

well-known machinery of the Home Office. Its curious wording, and the strange facilities which it offered for freaks of fanaticism, must have been quite familiar to the SECRETARY OF STATE. If he had at any time asked Parliament to annul it, the proposal would have been adopted readily, and in all probability without debate. If, when the moment of trial came, these absurd enactments were still in existence to force the Minister to defeat the ends of justice, there was nobody to blame for such a misfortune but himself.

Sir GEORGE GREY has always specially deserved the epithet of a "superior clerk," which Mr. BRIGHT once applied to the whole Ministry. He has shrunk from unvarying timidity from attempting any important improvements in the branch of the law over which it is his function to preside. The Bill which he has just proposed to prevent the recurrence of such cases as that of TOWNLEY is stamped with his peculiar faults. His political disposition is a Conservatism of the very worst kind—a Conservatism that extends itself, or rather is confined, to the most minute details. The most enterprising statesmen will often think it the part of wisdom to stand upon the ancient paths in considering great questions of organic change; but an application of the same principle to the petty minutiae of the law indicates nothing but feebleness and servility of mind. The Conservatism of the HOME SECRETARY shows itself in the tenderness with which he advances to the reform of small abuses and anomalies which have only an antiquity of five-and-twenty years to plead in their behalf. There is no ground for respecting the machinery by which insanity is ascertained under the Act of 1840. It is at variance with every legal principle of the Constitution. In no other case is the life of the subject disposed of by a private inquiry, undertaken by any two physicians who may choose to act, and two magistrates selected for the occasion. Those who have to decide upon the alleged insanity of a convicted murderer are entrusted with a function as momentous as any known to the English law. If they err on one side, they condemn a man to death who by law ought to live. If they err upon the other side, they defeat the ends of justice, and *pro tanto* diminish the security of life enjoyed by the rest of the community. The decision of issues of this character has in other cases been confided to tribunals for whose impartiality and publicity every possible security had been taken. The proposed Bill, following closely in the wake of the Act of 1840, confides it to two justices, joined to two physicians. As the physicians may be selected at random by the justices themselves, this new proposal practically entrusts these momentous decisions, involving the life of the subject and the whole efficacy of the criminal law, to the same tribunal as that which disposes of cases of vagrancy and petty larceny at Petty Sessions. The only alteration in it contemplated by the present Bill is, that the justices must be taken from the number of the "visiting justices" of the gaol. As a security this provision is quite illusory, because visiting justices are chosen as often on account of the proximity of their residence to the county town as for any other reason. If two justices thus chosen, and any two physicians they may please to associate with themselves, may fitly be authorized to decide, in secret, whether a man is liable to die or not, it can only be said that the English law has hitherto been guilty of a series of costly and senseless blunders. The question whether a man is or is not legally insane is at least as hard to decide as any other that is brought before a court of criminal law. If Sir GEORGE GREY's jurisprudence is consistent with either common sense or justice, the whole machinery of judge and jury and open trial is a useless waste of labour and money.

AMERICA.

THE strange announcement that Mr. SEWARD's intolerably insolent despatch was never communicated to Lord RUSSELL fortunately removes a cause of just indignation. If the American people were in the habit of censuring or criticizing their rulers, they might perhaps express surprise at the publication of a correspondence which had never taken place. Englishmen have only to regret that Mr. SEWARD should still think it expedient to cultivate feelings of animosity which are worthy of Mr. CHASE or Mr. SUMNER. His apologists cannot even allege in his excuse that he confines his remonstrances to the doubtful questions which have been raised by the proceedings of the *Florida* and *Alabama*. In all his communications, through Mr. ADAMS, with Lord RUSSELL, Mr. SEWARD has studiously confused the discussion on the vessels with idle complaints that arms and munitions of war have been furnished to the Confederates, and that the cotton loan was advanced in part by English capitalists. Legitimate com-

mercial operations are treated as hostile acts, and Mr. SEWARD is not even ashamed to declare that the source of all existing differences is to be found in the refusal of England to treat the United States as an undivided whole, or, in other words, in the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. The simultaneous adoption of the same measure by the French Government has in no way interfered with the use of the most friendly and deferential language to a potentate who has never affected to conceal his sympathy for the Confederates. The Federal Government itself has in the fullest manner acknowledged the belligerent character of the enemy; and Congress is now passing a Confiscation Bill, which deliberately contradicts the letter of the Constitution, on the pretext that the so-called rebels are to be treated, not as guilty citizens, but as foreign enemies. Mr. SEWARD's persistence in so futile a charge against England proves that his more argumentative complaints are inspired by feelings of malignity. The claims for compensation for the captures of the *Alabama* are reserved as the basis of a future quarrel, to be prosecuted at a more convenient time. The Americans boast that England will always yield when war is presented as the only alternative, and there is no doubt that the conscientious attachment of the nation to peace involves considerable danger. No other great Power in any part of the world at present either professes or practises the same systematically pacific policy. Patience is always liable to be mistaken for cowardice, and the Americans have, to their own satisfaction, proved by exhaustive experiment that no amount of bluster or vituperation will provoke the long-suffering object of their traditional ill-will. A similar impression prevails, not without reason, on the Continent of Europe; and it is too probable that encroachments which it would be necessary to resist may be attempted in the hope of impunity. Nevertheless, it is the duty of English statesmen to persevere as long as possible in their avoidance of war. The encouragement of American presumption is an inevitable consequence of a policy which is essentially prudent and just. Foreigners must judge for themselves, and at their own risk if they arrive at a false conclusion, whether it is credible that, in the height of national strength and prosperity, a whole generation of Englishmen have suddenly become abject poltroons.

American affairs have, until the publication of the diplomatic correspondence, been almost wholly uninteresting since the close of the autumn campaign. It seems to be generally understood that no important movement will be attempted by the Federal troops before March or April. In the meantime, LEE holds his ground in Virginia, and it is rumoured that JOHNSTONE has retired, probably for the more convenient subsistence of his troops, within the Georgian frontier. LONGSTREET seems likely to anticipate the Northern plan of campaign by an attack on Knoxville. The Federal outposts have been driven in, and a decisive battle may perhaps have been already fought. In Arkansas and in Mississippi the Confederates have resumed the offensive, and it is said that the Federal troops have been compelled to abandon Corinth. The Confederates still contrive to interrupt the navigation of the Mississippi, and reports from time to time transpire of conflicts between the Federal negro troops and their white comrades or masters. The mutineers are probably not the coloured volunteers of the North, but runaway slaves who dislike the exchange of forced labour for equally compulsory discipline. As the employment of emancipated slaves in the army tends to increase the bitterness of the conflict, it will not be a subject for regret if the Federal Government is forced to rely on the population, white or coloured, of the Northern States. If emancipated negroes are fit to enjoy their liberty, they may be usefully employed in many capacities besides service in the army.

Although the war will not be discontinued for want of money, the Federal Government may perhaps, in the course of the present year, feel increased financial embarrassment. The five-twenty loan, as it is called, or six per cent. stock payable in five or twenty years, has now been fully taken. Mr. CHASE has probably still at his disposal a small portion of the authorized issue of paper-money, and he now proposes a five per cent. loan, of which the interest is to be payable in gold. As five dollars in gold are worth seven dollars and three quarters in paper, and as the premium is certain to increase, the Government will not improbably obtain a considerable sum by the operation at a heavy cost. There must be a limit to the disposable capital of the country, but money is still abundant, and the exchange of greenback notes for Government stocks implies no excessive confidence in the public credit. Thus far almost all Mr. CHASE's calculations have been verified, except in the returns of the taxes, which have produced about one-fourth of the estimated amount.

For the present, the revenue is more than sufficient to meet the interest of the debt, and, as long as loans can be raised, the Government may neglect the vulgar operation of comparing its expenditure with its income.

Soldiers are a more pressing want than money, and it is at present difficult to judge how the necessary recruitments are proceeding. The newspapers announce that many regiments which have completed their service are re-enlisting for a further term of three years, and the Government wisely offers large encouragement to veterans, especially when they enlist in a body. No figures, however, have been published to show the real numbers of the trained soldiers who have taken the bounty. A hundred regiments, after the losses in the campaign, would scarcely include 50,000 men, and the PRESIDENT is urgently in want of 300,000. As the regiments which agree to remain in the service are, as a reward, sent home on furlough, they may perhaps attract into their ranks a considerable number of recruits. The enlistment of volunteers by other methods has probably almost ceased; and if a large portion of the outgoing regiments insist on their discharge, the compulsory draft is the only remaining alternative. Congress has unexpectedly rejected the recommendation of the PRESIDENT that actual service should be required, except where a substitute was provided. A money payment is still to be accepted from conscripts, and recent experience shows that the privilege will be largely exercised. There is nothing to prevent the Common Councils of the New York cities from again voting money for the discharge of the poor, while the rich purchase exemption for themselves. In the State of New York a population of four millions produced 11,000 conscripts, and it is difficult to understand how a second experiment is likely to be more successful. The army in the field is at present estimated at 400,000 men, opposed to 250,000 Confederates. It is evident that a much larger numerical superiority must be attained if the Southern States are to be conquered and occupied. After the numerous surprises of the last three years, it would be rash to predict the failure of the Federal Government in levying or maintaining the armies which it may require; but it may be confidently asserted that, unless it can dispose of half a million soldiers in the ensuing summer, its task will not be accomplished.

The domestic politics of the United States are less interesting and important than the military preparations. The reorganization of the conquered districts in the South has, for the present, been converted into an electioneering job. According to Mr. LINCOLN's proclamation, one-tenth of conforming citizens are allowed to assume the functions of a State, and when they profit by the permission they will have the opportunity of showing their gratitude by appointing Presidential electors with suitable instructions. The soldiers, the camp-followers, and the Northern speculators will, in several States, swell the numbers of the local traitors and renegades to the proper standard, and the people of Louisiana and Arkansas will have the satisfaction of enjoying what, in unreformed times, was described in England as virtual representation. The official, or, as it was once called in France, the active population, will form an oligarchy with the peculiar qualification of irreconcilable hostility to the disfranchised majority. The Protestant garrisons of Ireland during the prevalence of the penal laws presented the closest analogy to General BANKS's proposed Louisianian Legislature. The Northern Democrats might perhaps complain that they are outvoted by fictitious States, in open violation of justice, of common sense, and of the words of the Constitution; but beaten parties in America are timid and powerless, and foreigners are only concerned with the instruction or amusement which may be derived from ingenious political devices. Between any two possible candidates for the Presidency, no sensible Englishman would take the trouble to choose if he had the power of deciding the election. On the whole, perhaps, Mr. LINCOLN is preferable to Mr. CHASE, and he will almost certainly beat General McCLELLAN.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY SCHEMES.

THE Report of the Lords' Committee of last Session on Metropolitan Railway Communication, to which the Board of Trade has once more called attention, was, in substance, an invitation to projectors to come forward with independent schemes in accordance with a general outline vaguely indicated by the Committee. The response has been more cordial than that of the Great Powers to the invitation of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and some thirty or forty competing projects are tendered for approval, all of them professing more or less precisely to carry out the views of the Committee. It is not too much to say that, if half of these schemes are

sanctioned, London will be reduced to the condition of some huge railway centres in the North, where the houses and public buildings are nestled in among branch lines and sidings, as if the town were an adjunct of the railway, rather than the railway an adjunct of the town. It would be idle to attempt, or indeed to desire, to prevent a very large addition to the railway facilities of the metropolis. The middle passage from one huge station to another now takes up as much time as a railway journey of fifty or a hundred miles, and there is no reason why the convenience both of through passengers and of the natives of the suburbs should not be consulted to a much greater extent than has yet been done. But the flood of metropolitan Railway Bills of which notice has been given is too alarming to be left to the chance direction of independent Committees. It is well known that all the advantages of communication enjoyed throughout England might have been equally well secured with not more than half, or at most two-thirds, of the existing lines; and if the London railways are to be left to form themselves in the same chaotic fashion as their prototypes in the country, the inconveniences which will have to be endured threaten to outweigh the undoubted benefits of steam communication. What would have been desirable in rural districts is absolutely essential in London. Whatever is done to improve the railway system of the metropolis ought to be done with the minimum amount of disturbance and destruction. After all, London is not made exclusively for travellers; and it would be far from an unmixed advantage if the greater part of the town were demolished and replaced by magnificent stations, connected by the most perfect network of interlacing lines. Unless the action of the Committees should be governed by some harmonious principles, we shall have the old folly repeated of providing duplicate lines for the accommodation of every separate portion of the traffic. The financial mischief of this policy has been felt severely enough all over the country, but in London a much more pressing danger threatens us. If the projectors are allowed to have their own way, the metropolis will not be large enough to contain all the lines which will be sanctioned; and, if by any means it can be done, the various competing plans ought to be fused into one harmonious system. This is no more than was recommended by the Committee of last Session, but they failed to indicate any practical method of securing unity of action, except the device of a preliminary Committee to report on the general subject of all the metropolitan projects. If one could be sure that the broad rules laid down in the Report would be generally accepted by the Committees of both Houses, there would be some chance of moulding a comprehensive plan out of the multitude of schemes which are about to brave the ordeal of Parliament. Whether the Report of the Board of Trade and the motion for a joint Committee of the two Houses will lead to this desirable result it is too soon to say, but the steps taken are at any rate in the right direction.

There are two entirely distinct methods of consulting the convenience of passengers who merely pass through London, and of the travelling class in general. One is, to allow the great lines to converge either to a single central station, or to a group of stations within easy reach of one another. A different plan is, to keep the main lines, for the most part, out of the thronged regions of the City and the West End, and to supply the desired communication between them by circuit lines in connexion with the different termini, or with points of junction outside of the metropolitan district. The Committee of last Session intimated a strong opinion against an indiscriminate extension of the existing trunk lines into the heart of London, and, whether this view be or be not adhered to, it is most important that all the lines sanctioned should be made upon the same principle. Charing Cross is threatened with independent attacks from almost all the large Companies, and, at the same time, a variety of loop lines and connecting branches are proposed to perform the same duty for which these extensions are designed. Without discussing the engrossing question between these rival methods, it may, at any rate, be presumed that the converging and the circuit systems ought not both to be sanctioned. Let Parliament decide whether London is to suffer circular or radial dissection; but let us at least be spared the infliction of two such remedies for inconveniences which are at least endurable, when either one or the other would amply suffice for all that is required. Another point on which an immediate conclusion should be come to is the comparative merits of surface and underground lines. Whatever may be the defects of the underground railway, it has at least the advantage of not disturbing the communications or disfiguring the appearance of the metropolis; and it ought to be an inflexible rule with the

Committees to allow no steam traffic above ground through the heart of London, except where it is found to be impracticable to remit the nuisance to the region of sewers and gas-pipes. The Act by which one Company has already been empowered to carry a hideous viaduct across the front of St. Paul's ought to warn Parliament not to leave the comfort and tastes of the two million inhabitants of London at the mercy of the half-dozen conflicting interests which may be represented in support of or in opposition to each speculative project. And there is no reason why some approach to a settlement of definite principles for railway legislation as it affects the metropolis should not now be made. When the idea of a comprehensive scheme was broached before the late Committee, the difficulty that presented itself at once was that of finding the proper hands to execute the design which might thus be devised. But this difficulty has almost disappeared. Out of the multitude of plans already deposited, the materials can be found to piece out almost any general scheme which could possibly be determined on, and all that is needed now is to perform the task of selection on some intelligible and consistent principle.

To mention only a few of the more conspicuous projects as they appear in the Report of the Board of Trade, we find, first, an entire system of lines proposed by the Metropolitan Railway Company. The short line from Paddington to Farringdon-street has proved so successful that it is intended to extend it from both extremities, to the Minories and the Blackwall Railway on the East, and to Kensington and the Victoria Station on the South and West; and it is also proposed to make other subordinate lines to improve the connexions with the main trunk railways, besides a branch to introduce into the system St. John's Wood and the Hampstead Railway. A different project, having the same object of making the circuit of London, commences at the Kensington Station, pierces through Chelsea and Pimlico to the Victoria terminus, thence goes direct to Westminster along the Thames Embankment, and on by Cannon-street and Tower Hill, where it forms a junction with the Blackwall and North London lines, and throws out one arm to the North as far as the Metropolitan line, and another across the river, by the Thames Tunnel or otherwise, to bring the Southern lines into the general circuit. Then there is yet another Company with a group of lines connecting all the Northern and Southern railways on the East side of London, and also putting forward its independent claim for the occupation of the hitherto useless Tunnel. In addition to these independent schemes, the Blackwall Railway Company has its own plan for connecting its system with the Great Northern and Midland Railways, and extending it to the districts of Tottenham and Edgware. By a wider circuit, the Great Eastern again is to be united with the suburban railways of the North of London and with the North Western and Metropolitan systems. The unbuilt Embankment is to be fought for by various Companies who compete for the privilege of laying a railway above or below it; and a still more audacious engineer has brought forward a plan for carrying a line on a viaduct in the stream of the river itself, with stations and approaches at all the bridges. A so-called Mid-London Railway is designed to pass from Kensington to Knightsbridge, thence to Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, Charing Cross, and the Strand; and a variety of subordinate schemes of the same Company are marked down over all the most important parts of the metropolis. A yet more ambitious Company has a project to supply the whole accommodation which London requires by a double circuit of railways—one for the convenience of the goods business of the main lines, and the other as a substitute for the omnibus traffic in the interior of London. Every suburb of great or little importance has at least one line in embryo, to bring it into immediate connexion with the City. Tottenham and Edgware, Hammersmith and Clapton, Walthamstow and Hampstead, and a score of other districts around London, are all to be amply provided for; and the Surrey side is to be linked to the North by lines above and below the river, at we know not how many different points. Besides the crowd of independent projects, every great line is pushing inwards either to the City or the West End. The Great Eastern, with some reason, is weary of its banishment in Shoreditch; and the Great Northern, the Midland, and the North-Western are setting their faces southward, and threatening to convert Charing Cross and all the immediate neighbourhood into a vast combination of terminal stations. In spite of unmanageable levels, the Strand is to be passed, and the new station on the site of Hungerford Market to be made available for the whole Northern system.

But it is vain to attempt to enumerate half the proposals which are made for the demolition of London. As laid

down upon the map, they may be seen to reduce the habitable area of the metropolis by a very considerable percentage; and, what is more important in the view in which we regard the matter, they leave scarcely any possible line, whether short or long, above or below ground, without some body of projectors who are ready to undertake its construction. Whatever the most perfect system of railways for the metropolis may be thought to be, the whole of it is assuredly to be found somewhere among the schemes which have been brought forward; and the only task which Parliament has to perform is to eliminate from the plans before it the vast mass of useless or impracticable lines, and to leave a working system which shall afford all the accommodation desired, with the minimum of injury to London and its inhabitants. But to do this, the Committees must be under the control of some one comprehensive principle in which both Houses shall concur, and this, it may be hoped, will be secured by the joint Committee which has been proposed. It is perhaps fortunate that the race of projectors have exerted themselves so vigorously in the present Session. A less alarming crop of schemes might have been allowed to slip through the Parliamentary net without much regard to the convenience of the unfortunate inhabitants of London, but the raid is on so magnificent a scale as fairly to awaken the attention of the Legislature, and possibly to lead to a much needed reform, not only in the principles of railway construction, but in the whole machinery of Private-bill business.

LITERATURE AND THEOLOGY.

MISS COBBE, who has come before the public in so many capacities, and whose efforts in one direction or another never cease, has now presented herself as a theologian, and given us her thoughts on the greatest of all subjects. In a volume which she has just published, called *Broken Lights*, she surveys the position of the leading parties in the English theological world, and freely states what are the thoughts which the views she attributes to those parties awaken in her own mind. Into the statements and arguments of the work it is impossible for us to enter. It is absurd to do theology by halves, and we could not do justice to Miss Cobbe, or state our grounds of agreement with or disagreement from her, unless we entered on topics which reverence bids those who enter on them at all to discuss in a full and complete manner. But, in its purely literary aspect, the book has a secular value which, without touching on theology, ought not to be passed over in silence. In the first place, it is a remarkable book for any woman to have written, being calm, fair, and well-informed. No one can say that, if Miss Cobbe had had mind enough to understand the subject, she would have written differently. She is up to her task, and it deserves notice that this should be so. For what she undertakes to do is to tell us what the arguments of other people are, and what is definitely the answer she has got to give where she differs with them. This is so considerable a merit that it ought to be honoured wherever it is found, and above all in theology, where secular critics observe that quite half of the literature belonging to it is due simply to the writer's not understanding what an argument is. Theological writing is almost always an expression of feeling, not of thought, and so far as it is addressed only to the practice of men, there is no reason why this should not be so; but so far as theology is argumentative, the clerical habit of ignoring the argument of an adversary, and of merely repeating over and over again the traditional opinions of the writer, is unsatisfactory. Therefore, that Miss Cobbe should show herself capable of seeing the drift of an argument gives her a position among theological writers which may fairly be called exceptional; and although she would indignantly deny it, we cannot avoid thinking that this power of calmly investigating the bearing of an argument is almost as exceptional in a woman as in a theologian. In the next place, Miss Cobbe, although she always uses due reverence, and is moderate and inoffensive in language, speaks out her thoughts. She is not afraid; and although literature has nothing to do with the theological conclusions, it is much interested in the exhibition of theological candour. It tends to keep up a healthy life and activity in society if a certain proportion of those who write on theology say what they really think. It is true that, as is said in the recent judgment of the Privy Council, this may offend against the consciences of the weak, but occasionally some respect ought to be shown to the consciences of the strong. At the same time, literature has no interest in this frankness being the frankness of unorthodoxy. The frankness of M. de Montalembert in his *Life of Lacordaire* is quite as charming and agreeable as the frankness of Miss Cobbe in *Broken Lights*.

But when we find a lady thus stepping forward to write freely on theology without any notion of offending any one, and confident that her work will be received for what it is worth and that she will be allowed to have her say, we cannot help being struck by the difference which exists between the literary and the theological world. Theology as represented by the Church of England holds its own place in this country, and an immense balance of opinion inclines to preserving this place unassailed. But literature expressing the natural thoughts of men—those which come to them

spontaneously, those which are the real and personal thoughts of their minds—has also its place, and it is a place with which theology has very little to do. Whatever books we open—books of travel, books of fiction, histories, essays, poetry—provided they are of some substantial merit, and do not issue from the professed adherents of religious parties, they are all written on a set of assumptions which are different from those that appear in English theology. We hear, for instance, in the theological world, that it is absolutely essential to have a definite creed, and that the English Church has got a creed which is definite and, humanly speaking, correct. We agree with this, perhaps, and think it is sound sense, and susceptible of some sort of proof. But when we take up any work of the day we find a very different value put upon creeds. The Poet Laureate, for example, in the stanza from which the term "Broken Lights" is borrowed, says that "our little systems have their day." It gives an uncomfortable notion of a creed that it is "a little system" which is "having its day." And the little fish swim in the wake of the big. Our old acquaintance Mr. Washington Moon has published a volume of poems, and some of his verses find so much favour in his eyes that he prints them in his advertisements with the criticisms of the press. They are simply to the effect that it does not much matter what people believe so long as they are actively philanthropic. "Kind acts, not creeds, man—Not for ever on thy knees, man" ("man" here, it may be observed, does not mean anything, but is a mere fill-up, like the "mon" of Scotch poetry)—these are the honest sentiments of Mr. Washington Moon, honestly, if not very poetically, expressed. And what do his critics say? There is, for example, the *Morning Advertiser*, that well-known bulwark of Protestantism, and its view is that in these and his other verses Mr. Moon appears "crowned with bays and clad in his singing-robcs, and right gracefully doth he wear them." So far as we can see, the critic is much more poetical and imaginative than the poet he criticizes, but both are equally non-theological. When one writer says in an eight-syllable line that he wants "man," or "mon," to be indifferent to creeds and act kindly, and another writer says that this expression of sentiment comes up to his notion of wearing singing robes right gracefully, they alike depart from the standard which is set up for them in church.

This divergence of literature from theology is partly due to the writers and partly to the readers of books. When a writer takes up a subject that greatly interests him, and pursues it under circumstances which stimulate his mind, his theological notions naturally recede into the background in the presence of this more overpowering excitement. He does not trouble himself to reconcile all his thoughts with each other, but he expresses those that are most vivid and make themselves most immediately felt. Theology retires into the shade, and secular interests and emotions come forward. Or, perhaps, he is conscious that he is straying in some slight degree from the creed in which he was brought up. But then literature stimulates him to think freely and to write freely. The pleasure is lost which writing ought, he feels, to bring him, if he hesitates to let his thoughts wander as they please, and if he keeps his best thoughts locked up because he is afraid they should get him into trouble. There is an intimate relation between intellectual activity and intellectual honesty, if no special and very powerful motive intervenes to warn the mind against honesty. The writer, too, finds that if he is too scrupulously orthodox, he often has nothing to say, and it is only by being a little daring that he has any fertility of invention. The reader, in his turn, is quite willing that the writer should have his fling. He, for himself, fears dulness more than anything in the book he reads, and he can pardon almost every fault so long as he is entertained. And, unfortunately, it is not the books which repeat what every one knows and thinks beforehand that are found the most entertaining. There are things in the book which the reader remarks he does not quite agree with, but still he does not dislike the titillation of reading them, and he can always comfort himself by thinking that it is not he, but the writer, that has to answer for them.

It would, however, be disingenuous not to confess that there is something more at work in the present day than the mere permanent desire of the writer to entertain, and of the reader to be entertained. The divergence of literature from theology betokens that men do not really cleave very heartily to the theological propositions from which the literature they admire diverges. It would appear to be impossible that there should be this general incongruity between the fixed creed of theology and the thoughts that come uppermost in the writings of the great majority of contemporary writers of any merit, if there were not a movement going on which threatens to take men into a new theological region. How far this movement will go will be decided in the field, not of literature, but of theology, and we make no pretension to estimate its probable extent, or to say whether it is desirable or the reverse. But it may be observed that in every generation this divergence of literature from theology goes on, and yet theology keeps its place. It is true that at some epochs the prevalent theology has been greatly altered, and it has been altered in the direction to which the foremost literature of the day pointed. But at other times, although the divergence seemed wide, yet theology stood its ground, and suffered no material alteration. Literature does not always change theological belief, and theology, if time is given it, has a singular power of bringing back the minds of men to some point long ago attained, but left behind. It must not, however, be supposed that men wander, even in a circle, without getting some good from it. It is most material that literature should be honest, and the honesty of literature tends to promote the honesty of theology, and this

purification may have been going on to the great benefit of all concerned, although no material change may be made in theological creeds.

NOVELS AND LIFE.

THE saying that "Truth is stranger than Fiction" is almost too stale to be quoted. The staleness of a proverb does not indeed always prove its truth, but that it should have got vogue enough to become stale shows that there is some element of truth in it. This particular proverb at least is eminently true in the sense that things occur in real life, public and private, which, if we met with them in a fictitious story, we should at once set down as improbable. To take two familiar public examples of the most opposite kind, the career of Garibaldi and the career of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte have alike been of a sort which reads rather like romance than sober history. We know from our own knowledge that in each case the tale is true; we know from history that it is not absolutely unparalleled; still it is something which, if it were not true, would be called utterly improbable, something which, if it had been foretold before the event, would have sounded like the wildest and most impossible of dreams. In private life everybody can supply cases. Everybody has gone through himself, or seen among his acquaintance, or at any rate read of in the newspapers, adventures quite as wonderful as any that are to be found in the pages of sensation novelists. People's lives seem dull and commonplace mainly because we know so little about them. Take your nearest neighbour, and you may be quite sure that he has both virtues and vices which you do not know of; his best and his worst actions are alike known to nobody but himself. If any man's life were fairly written down, if all that he really thought and said and did were honestly recorded, it would be almost certain to contain some strange adventures; it would be quite certain to present some curious studies in moral philosophy. If we turn from the ordinary life of respectable people to the records of criminal courts, we at once come across tales quite as strange, and, before experience, quite as improbable, as any that the romancer could invent. And such records also tell us how much of strangeness, of goodness, of wickedness, lurks under the surface of ordinary every-day life. We do not know what may have happened or what may be going to happen to anybody. The criminal and his victim are much like other people; they live in the same way, talk in the same way, and, for all one can see, think and act in the same way. People in no way marked out from other people turn out swindlers, adulterers, murderers. The things happen, and we cannot help believing them, but exactly the same sort of thing in a novel is set down as wildly improbable. The details are sometimes such as sound utterly incredible. That a rejected lover should murder his mistress is just the sort of thing for which we look in a sensation novel; but no sensation novelist would have ventured to describe such a murderer as presently sitting down to tea with the grandfather of his victim. Everybody can supply some story of crime or heroism, or of simple wonder and coincidence—some tale of strange marriage or strange death—fully on a level with the creations of romance. Families in no way differing from other families could sometimes form the subjects of epics almost as wonderful and horrible as the houses of Pelops and Labdacus. We see that these things do happen in real life, and yet, when we read of them in a story, we cast them aside as improbable and unnatural.

The truth seems to be that there is a really good case against the sensation novelists, but that the charge against them is not always put on the truest ground. It is not enough to condemn a story to say that some of its incidents are improbable, unnatural, horrible. It is perhaps all the truer to real life because some of its incidents are so. In the lives of half-a-dozen people, such as we see brought together in a novel, it is almost certain that something improbable will happen, it is not unlikely that something unnatural or horrible will happen. By improbable we simply mean something out of the common way, something unexpected, something different from the regular routine of life. Now, in any man's life the chances are that something of this sort, something that we may in a loose way call wonderful, will happen some time or other; but the chances are against the happening of any particular wonderful thing which may be thought of beforehand. Any particular wonder therefore is improbable, but the happening of wonders in general is by no means improbable. The particular wonder hit upon by the novelist is therefore condemned as improbable, while we forget the real improbability that the lives of several people should pass without some wonderful event or other.

All that we have spoken of thus far is the mere improbability of events. Our position is simply that a novelist is not open to censure merely because his story contains improbable incidents, odd coincidences, unaccountable actions, and the like. He may answer that his story is thereby made more like real life—that the really improbable story would be the one which contained nothing improbable. And the answer is complete if mere improbability be the whole of the charge. But mere improbability is not the whole of the charge against sensation novelists. First of all, there may be want of artistic skill in the way of dealing with the improbable incident; for though we may grant that improbable incidents are not necessarily to be kept out, yet some special skill and artistic delicacy is needed in

the way of bringing them in. Or, again, the thing may not only be improbable but impossible. When we say impossible, we do not mean supernatural, we do not mean such things as the quasi-miraculous voice in *Jane Eyre*. Those stand on another ground—on the same ground as the like sort of stories in real life. It is plain that to those who believe in them they are not improbable at all, but perfectly probable; they are not improbable in the same sense that superhuman crimes, superhuman virtues, hair-breadth 'scapes, and the like are improbable. We may safely say that anything which involves a supernatural element is not a proper subject for ordinary fiction, but the objection to it is of quite a different kind from the objection to sensation-writing. By impossible we mean historically, locally, legally, or socially impossible. Novels very often contain, in their most exciting parts, some blunder or contradiction of this kind, which at once sets aside the whole thing as a bungling invention. The tale may display ignorance of the time or place in which the story is laid, or it may be convicted of falsehood by some breach of those rules of legal ceremony or social etiquette which are, as a matter of fact, incomparably harder to break through than the laws of reason and morality. Things of this sort dispel the illusion, and show that we are dealing with a mere inventor, and a clumsy inventor. Otherwise, when a story, though improbable, is still possible, the idea always presents itself that the story is really true, that the writer has simply worked into his novel something which he had seen in real life. As long as there is no contradiction of the sort which we have just spoken of, one is almost inclined to say that the more improbable the story is the more probable it is. That is, the more likely it is that it is not the mere creation of the writer's brain, but that he has known something of the kind really happen.

But, granting that a certain thing may have happened, or even that it actually did happen, it does not follow that it is a fitting subject for fictitious narrative. Here comes in a question as old as Aristophanes. *Æschylus*, in the *Frogs*, objects to the subjects for tragedies chosen by his rival *Euripides*—subjects sometimes trivial, sometimes immoral. *Euripides* answers that the things really happened; *Phædra* and *Sthenobœa* and the rest of them really did what he made them do in his plays. *Æschylus* answers again that the things happened sure enough, but that they were not therefore fitting subjects for tragedies. The objection of *Æschylus* is, indeed, not exactly what a modern moralist might make; it is not exactly an objection to the *Euripidean* legends as what people now-a-days call "improper." For "improper" in that sense they are not, and, to judge from some of the fragments, *Æschylus* himself introduced much more decided improprieties into some of his own lost plays. The objection is mainly that the amorous stories of which *Euripides* was fond were beneath the dignity of the tragic muse. But, whatever the exact objection was, the rejoinder of *Æschylus* sets forth a sound general principle—namely, that things may be probable, or even true, and yet not be proper subjects for fiction. This may happen in more than one way. First, the wonders of a sensation novel may all have their counterparts in real life, and yet the sensation novel may be a very distorted representation of real life. The wonders may each of them be justifiable separately; each may have happened, or may be quite likely to have happened; and yet they may be so thick upon the ground as to produce a general effect quite unlike anything that does happen. It is like the boatswain's theory of swearing in *Peter Simple*. When *Peter* rebukes Mr. Chucks for his profane language, he defends himself by saying that the Captain and First Lieutenant also swear. *Peter* puts in rather lamely that they only swear "on an emergency." "Ay, but then their 'emergency' is my daily and hourly duty; a boatswain's life is a life of 'emergency,' and therefore I swear." Now, real life is like the life of the Captain and First Lieutenant; we have our occasional 'emergencies,' and, when they happen, we swear. But the life which the sensation novelists lead us is like the life of the boatswain; it is all 'emergency' and swearing all day long. Again, because things happen, it does not follow that it is good to dwell upon them; because vice and crime exist, it does not follow that they should be tricked out with all the arts of attractive writing and skilful tale-telling. We do not speak only of what are called "improper" subjects. A story which contains no word which the most squeamish Bowdler would cut out may be just as objectionable as the most "improper" book possible. The thing really to be quarrelled with is the making vice of any kind a subject of interest—of that sort of interest at least which is excited by a novel of modern life. It is just because the picture is real and lifelike and probable that it is dangerous. It is dangerous in proportion as the murderers and forgers and bigamists and adulterers are people like ourselves, such as we might meet any day in ordinary society. The further a tale of crime is removed from ourselves in time and place, the less dangerous it is. No one is corrupted by reading the Greek Mythology or the Arabian Nights. The misdeeds of the Gods did not even corrupt those who believed in them. We need not stop to inquire whether Zeus was the Sky and most other people the Sun, and whether all those ugly stories were not really physical myths misunderstood; it is enough that the Gods, anthropomorphic as they were, were set high enough above human sympathy for their example not to be contagious. Notwithstanding all the joking in the *Clouds*, parricide and incest were looked on as crimes in ordinary Athenian morality, and were not held to be justified by the example of Zeus. Still less is anybody likely to be corrupted by it now. And so in every inter-

mediate degree, the nearer the sinners approach to men of our own time and our own class, the more likely are their sins to do us harm. No modern English lady is likely to be led astray by the bad example of Queen Guinevere any more than by the bad example of Aphrodite. A study of Brantôme would be a severer trial, and a day's attendance in the Divorce Court a severer still. When we speak of vice or crime being made attractive, we do not charge the writers with any immoral purpose—with at all consciously enlisting our sympathies on behalf of the vicious as against the virtuous. It is the dwelling on the subject at all as invested with any sort of romantic interest that is the really dangerous thing. We never wish to shirk facts, but always to look them in the face. If vice exists, it is no use pretending that it does not exist. There are times and places and ways in which its existence, where it does exist, ought to be proclaimed. But the sensation novel is hardly an edifying way of proclaiming it.

We will add only that when we speak of vice, immorality, and the like, we do not follow that odd use of words—a use, by the way, springing out of the old fount of euphemisms—which confines those names to breaches of the seventh commandment. There is undoubtedly a peculiar danger in dwelling on immorality of that particular kind; still there is danger also in pictures of charming swindlers and attractive poisoners. The whole style of entertainment is a high-seasoned and unhealthy kind of diet, though some particular dishes may have a special and extra kind of unwholesomeness. Also we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not look on matters as at all mended by the odd union of squeamishness and prurience now in fashion. If it is agreed that things forbidden by the seventh commandment are to be tabooed, let us understand what is forbidden by it. Perhaps we err, as we have the Mahometan and the Mormonite world against us, but on any ordinary Christian English view that commandment as distinctly excludes the decorous bigamy of the British novel as it does the open adultery of the French.

POETICAL AND PROSAIC ART.

MANY of our readers will have seen a light and lively account of *Mme. Henriette Brown's* picture, the "Sisters of Charity," communicated by Professor Kingsley to the second number of the *Art Quarterly*. With this account, which is written with an agreeable, it might almost be said a feminine, enthusiasm, praising the picture in the fashion that women often praise their hero (as if there had never been another before the Agamemnon of the moment), we are not here concerned. But the writer, not satisfied with discoursing in the vein which seems best to suit his genius, has been unable to restrain himself from a little theorizing on art, by which he desired, we presume, after the manner of our fair friends, to prove that his eulogies are not only founded on good feelings and taste, but also on an incontrovertible basis of high philosophy. In this lofty attempt we fear the Professor has not been quite successful; nay, in more than one passage we are reminded of the argumentative portions of that singular code of political economy which he once taught us to identify with Wessex. In one of his novels we remember that he attacked pretty roundly that large class of modern artists whom, good and inferior together, it was convenient for his purpose to classify as Pre-Raphaelites. He returns to the charge in the philosophical introduction to his recent essay. "There has been much dispute of late," he tells us, "as to naturalist, or, as it is very unphilosophically called, realist art. The Realists seem to hold a painter's right to paint anything which he may happen to see, and exactly as he sees it, and to vindicate for paintings constructed [sic] on this principle the name of high art." Against these heresies the Professor brings "two serious objections"—first, that they give a right "to represent purposeless ugliness and vulgarity; and Teniers' beers, or Paul Veronese's draperies, would become *ipso facto* high art." Next, that "high art deals principally with generic forms; nothing individual or personal is allowed in it, if it interferes with the generic type"; whilst naturalist art, as it includes *all* nature, must include also what is deformed and unhealthy, which of course condemns it. After an extract from a species of sermon on high art, he concludes with the vision of a final millennium, when both systems shall "unite to form one great mesothetic school, which shall be naturalist and idealist at once."

All this reads as easily as one of the Professor's own eloquent discourses. But, as in the case of too many other sermons, the lay mind cannot help remarking that the preacher has first set up a "dummy" antagonist, and then tried to knock him over with grand, but irrelevant, arguments. For who, since painting began, has ever claimed that everything we see is fit to be painted, or worth painting? In what sense are the beers of Teniers or Jan Steen *purposeless*? Who ever called Veronese's draperies (so strangely included by the Professor under the ugly and the vulgar) high art? His draperies are simply parts of pictures, and, *per se*, cannot be called high, low, or even "mesothetic." Lastly, what species of picture could that be in which "nothing individual or personal is allowed, if it interferes with the generic type"; whilst that "type," so far as any meaning can be attached to it, is itself only a deduction from individual forms, and, until some personality is put into it, can be only a mere lay-figure, a lifeless abstraction? But one example is enough to show the untenability of the argument. Is the *Tempest* a work of high art, or not? If it is not, would it be made such by excluding Caliban as a deformed and unhealthy figure? If it is, what

becomes of the Professor's dictum? The truth appears to be that this imaginary "realist" school is introduced only to enable the Professor to express his want of sympathy with some style which he does not clearly understand, and to afford support, by its condemnation, to the theory of "high art." And this is nothing except a new, but not a more powerful, version of the theory which so perplexed men in the last century, and which has, in this, received a refutation from writers for whom Mr. Kingsley is no match.

But, although we think the Professor's philosophy sadly at fault, he is too intelligent a man to have written without some real, if latent, idea. And that idea (putting aside the question of this or that modern "school," and the partisan associations associated with it) may, perhaps, be not improperly expressed as the distinction between Prosaic and Poetical Art. Looked at in this light, Mr. Kingsley's analysis of *Mme. Brown's* work—although the estimate of its relative merit, compared with other good pictures, has probably much surprised the gifted artist—is an eloquent tribute to the high merits which her "Sisters of Charity" possesses within the province of poetical sentiment. By classing art as poetical or prosaic, we mean simply to draw the broad intelligible line which the words in their plain sense convey. People may dispute for ever, and with the smallest advantage, on what constitutes High or Low Art. Indeed, these are epithets so constantly on the lips of unpractical theorists that we shrink when we hear them. Realist and Idealist do not appear to us (at least as used by the learned Professor) more satisfactory. But everyone understands what is meant by poetical and prosaic. The distinction here does not lie in the technical execution or in the subject of the picture, but in the sentiment which inspired it. Poetical or prosaic may be epithets true of works executed in the "broad" or the "literal" manner. They characterize equally the Flemish and the Italian art. There is no more solid, definite, honest prose than Domenichino's scenes from the mythology of Ovid. A hay-barn by Rembrandt will be a masterpiece of solemn poetry. So of the style of execution. Every touch in the finish of men like Van Eyck or Veronese, or the two Hunts, our contemporaries, adds feeling to their design, whilst it completes it. But the minuteness of Denner in his portraits, or of Frith in his "Ramsgate Sands," only brings out with more distinctness their essentially prosaic quality. David Cox, again, was recognised by common fame as a magnificent poet in colour; whilst the hundred imitators of his broad, sketchy manner have totally failed to place themselves on his level in popular estimate. Turner, on the other hand, a greater poet even than Cox, has a minuteness of execution which can only be felt—appreciated it cannot be, except by another Turner—by aid of the microscope. "There are many ways," according to the proverb, "but all of them may lead to Rome."

This very simple and (if the reader will) prosaic result is what we appear to reach—that the quality of all art depends, finally, altogether on the quality of the artist's mind. We say *finally*, because, if we look at his work, not as completed and appealing to those who see it, but as it exists whilst he is producing it, the power of technical execution is the first and chief point of importance. These two elements—factors or functions mathematicians might call them (and we suggest the terms, as one cannot illustrate too fully a matter which appears to puzzle many people of taste)—must be always kept in view together. They hold good of every art. There can be no good generalship without accurate knowledge of roads, and horses, and drill, and forage. But there can be no good generalship also without imaginative foresight, and power of organization, and political discrimination. So in poetry. Without intensity of insight, and innate sublimity, and tenderness without limit, we cannot have Milton or Goethe. But Milton and Goethe, when at their work, were thinking of words and syllables, and how to write English and German; and without this no *Comus* or *Faust*. And what we observed above of choice in subject and manner in execution applies equally to all art. These in no wise determine the poetical or the prosaic quality of the result. Blackmore or Aytoun will write metrical prose on the most stirring themes, and reduce Arthur or Montrose to commonplace. Even Milton, in his majestic blindness, when we know that in the visions of the "inner eye" he was in Paradise, living in proud confidence of his strength and of his position as a poet, may be brought before us by the Scotch Professor feebly murmuring thus:—

Yet I am weak—oh! how entirely weak:

So absolutely does the mind of the author control, and, as it were, re-create in its own likeness, the subject of his art. Almost every poet will furnish instances of the same rule, operating in the contrary sense. The field-mouse of Burns, the daffodils of Wordsworth, the sparrow of Catullus, are familiar instances; though to specify them, so common is this elevating or ennobling function of art, is like naming three stars out of the galaxy.

Why should people find it so hard a matter to accept this doctrine, that the quality of all art depends on the quality of the artist's mind? In stating it, we have felt it almost necessary to apologize for its utter want of novelty or strikingness. Yet, when we look at general criticism on the Fine Arts, in lieu of such intelligible language, we find ourselves in a fairy land peopled with High and Low, Historical and Naturalistic, Real and Ideal, Generalization and Particularity, and other phantoms of the sort; and amongst them all we see my Lady Fashion and Mr. Common-Place, with their allies, the Puffer and the Agreeable-Man-in-Society, stalking like things of flesh and blood in the region of

shadows, and naturally, by their own proper and real force, guiding the crowd of spectators into the limbo of popular taste. Meantime, Dante and Virgil go by with surprise, and pass on to write an *Aeneid* or a *Commedia* with a

Lascia dir le genti!

Such artists know, unconsciously perhaps, that, as it is by his mind that man is superior to animals, so it is ever by the quality of that mind that one man's work differs from another's. The reason why those who are not Dante or Virgil try to deny and conceal this must be a consciousness that it would be fatal to their own pretensions. The gods have not made them poetical, but they may get Fashion to accept them as masters, if the public eye be fixed on their "breadth," or their "idealization," or the jingle of their metre, or the thrilling interest of their subject. What they cannot bear to hear said is that the power of a man's hand is limited by the power of his brain. What they also do not see is that they too, if they would accept it, have an equally useful and indispensable part to play, and that it is wiser to produce honest prose than sham poetry.

Let us illustrate these remarks by a few examples—adding, first, that whilst the world would always rank poetical art as the higher thing, in the same way as poetry ranks at the summit of literature, yet prosaic painting or sculpture has also a genuine and valuable place amongst those many purposes which art fulfils. If it be granted that poetry in colour or carving springs from the poetry of the artist's own mind, we have an easy explanation of many failures and successes. Nothing in all art has yet equalled the Parthenon sculptures in poetical quality of the very highest order. But this will not surprise any one acquainted with Athenian history, when he finds that Phidias was the intimate and equal friend of Pericles. Michel Angelo has left poetry which of itself explains the intensely imaginative and creative character of his statues and his frescoes. Flaxman—to take one of the few moderns who may rank with such men in point of intrinsic capacity—displayed the poetry of his own mind in those endless illustrations which are rather like a comment on Dante or Homer than simple reproductions of his original. In a better age, or amongst a more congenial people, he would, no doubt, have been appreciated—as indeed he was by Rogers and by Canova, whose astonishment at finding Flaxman totally neglected for Chantrey is well known. Yet even in the few works he was able to execute—as in those left by a somewhat similar genius, Watson—he showed the fine poetry of his nature. What a satire on our taste it is that no one public work of high character was ever given to the only men of that time whose faculty was capable of serious poetry in bronze or marble! It is true that there will always be few such; but if a monument of high merit is required, it is suicidal to give it to any but those few who can put true poetic life into it. Otherwise we have such failures as those which provoke yearly wrath from æsthetic and independent M.P.s—fated often to pass by the Napier of Trafalgar Square, or the Wellington of Constitution Hill, or the Guards' Memorial of Waterloo Place, or the Cœur de Lion in such injurious juxtaposition with the Houses, or the poetical fountain of Hyde Park, where a fat boy is doing his best to set a dolphin on its head, apparently that he may see the water run well out of him. The Horticultural Gardens have been, perhaps, the most unfortunate theatre of *fiasco* in high monumental art, embracing the extremes of coarse extravagance and tame respectability; from Baron Marochetti's "Victor Emmanuel"—happily not a permanent inhabitant—to the more recent Albert Memorial, in which the lamented and intellectual Prince, heavily swathed in the cumbrous robes which his practical character rejected, surveys the refreshment rooms of the Society from a pinnacle, whilst four dusky Allegories on the banks of the tank below, in conventional raiment and well-established attitudes, representing the quarters of the globe, sit in patient hope to symbolize an Exhibition mainly devoted to European art and English manufactures. Like the rest of the world, we do not criticize the worthy sculptor for this prosaic and imperfect rendering of a very difficult idea. We are only sorry when Pegasus has to fly without wings. There is no conceivable contrivance by which a poetical work can be obtained from any but a poetical mind—a truth which we would respectfully submit to the many patrons, vice-patrons, and councillors who are engaged in the labour of the Shakspeare Tercentenary Monument.

The *Cornhill* for January contains an interesting illustration of the dangers which beset artistic ambition in this region. It is so praiseworthy a thing that a painter should try to place himself in the ranks of poetry that we cannot, without much regret, point out that not only the wish, but the power to do so, should be prudently measured before the attempt is made. Nothing, perhaps, brings before us more vividly that difference between the English mind and the Scotch on which we dwelt the other day, than the popularity which in Scotland has befallen Professor Aytoun's Lyrics, already noticed. All we can here do, however, is to remember, in a contrite spirit, that we too have our Tupper. But, lying thus in Southern darkness, we cannot be surprised that, when illustrating these, Mr. Noel Paton's pencil should not, in the common phrase, have surpassed itself. When, however, Mr. Paton ventures himself into verse, and illustrates his own "Ulysses in Ogygia," he puts himself forward as a candidate for the highest place, and would think it unjust were he not judged by the rigid standard. Yet it is difficult to apply such a standard to the painter's woodcut, where we find a scowling "model" gazing fondly on a pair of legs which indeed, by their length and the singular cut of the heroic

half-boots, may properly deserve that intensity of contemplation. Nor is it possible to analyse with severity the poem, which is such an imitation of Tennyson's famous piece as a schoolboy might indite, and think that he had surpassed his model by introducing the profoundly classical touches of "Ai, me!" "Phoibos," and the like, till, gathering himself up to one great effort of poetry, he exclaims:—

Out beneath the stars!
The winds are shouting, as a gathering host
Shouts on the eve of battle; and the gulls—
Lovers of tempest and mine ancient friends—
Flit, dive, and scream, and call me by my name;

—a feat of which only parrots, in our degenerate days, have proved themselves capable.

Seriously, by such attempts as these—the furthest from true Greek feeling in art and in poetry that can be imagined—it must be acknowledged that a man runs great risk of throwing discredit on that branch of his profession to which he has (loving perhaps well, but certainly not wisely) devoted himself. We might illustrate our theme further by describing the picture of the Cawnpore Massacre, or the equally morbid and (we had almost said) nauseous series of designs on American Slavery, by the same artist, which have been photographed for one of the Northern Art-Unions. But it will perhaps be sufficient to indicate the peculiar evil which besets this division of art. The most prosaic work has its use; but there cannot be a greater mistake, or a more worthless result, than where the forms of poetry and the appearance of thought are assumed without the reality. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

THE LOGIC OF PERSECUTION.

A CURIOUS pamphlet of Mr. Phillimore's, on which we made some observations last week, contains a commonplace which has long enjoyed considerable popularity under various shapes, but which appears to us altogether fallacious. Mr. Phillimore says, in justification of some of his observations on the Church of England—which, among other institutions, falls under his lash—"Nothing could justify the Church of England in trampling under foot the doctrines which had been held sacred by all Europe for so many centuries, but the right of private judgment. If the Church of Rome persecuted, it was to uphold opinions that had been supposed for centuries to be the basis of social life, that were incorporated with the institutions of Christian Europe, that generation after generation had looked to for their guide in life and their hope after death. If the Church of England persecuted in Elizabeth's time, it was to support a creed unknown till it had been established by the Queen and her counsellors. Now, to say nothing of the want of logic in such conduct, until the mind of man be moulded anew, he will bear the arbitrary measures of a long-established dominion with less impatience than the shameless tyranny of an upstart sect, crying out for toleration when it was weak and insisting on absolute submission when it was strong." This is in the true commonplace vein. It precisely embodies the criticisms which, for a considerable time, popular writers, especially foreign writers, have been in the habit of making on English affairs and English institutions. The object of the whole is to show what a contemptible country England is, both in a moral and in an intellectual point of view, and how deficient it is in something called "logic," which is frequently asserted to be the special inheritance of the French. When the commonplace is taken to pieces, each separate clause of it will be found to be full of fallacies. Let us examine them in detail.

"Nothing could justify the Church of England in trampling under foot the doctrines which had been held sacred by all Europe for so many centuries, but the right of private judgment." As the Church of England was under no special disqualifications, this implies the general proposition that nobody can ever be justified in refuting and opposing doctrines generally held sacred except upon the principle of the right of private judgment. The form of the sentence also implies that there is a principle, called the right of private judgment, which will always justify anybody in trampling under foot doctrines previously held sacred by the world at large for a great length of time. Consider what these propositions imply. The early Christians trampled under foot doctrines held sacred for centuries by the world at large. So did Moses; so did the founders of Buddhism and Brahminism; so did Mahomet. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that all these persons held the principle of private judgment, it follows that nothing could justify their conduct. But is there the least reason to suppose that any one of them held any doctrine which would always justify everybody in trampling under foot every doctrine previously received, including their own after it became established and ancient? Is not the very opposite the case? Have not all new religions made the acceptance or rejection of their doctrines the one condition of happiness and virtue? The Christian maxim was, for centuries, *nulla salus extra ecclesiam*; and Mahomet presented to mankind the famous alternative of the Koran, the tribute, or the sword. Was this conduct inconsistent, self-contradictory, incapable of being explained upon any intelligible principle, or was it based upon the principle of the right of private judgment? Unless Mr. Phillimore takes refuge under his right as an Englishman to despise logic, he must either give up the proposition quoted above, or maintain one or the other of these propositions.

Mr. Phillimore's proposition that nothing could justify the Church of England in trampling, &c., except the right of private judgment, is clearly unsound, whatever meaning we may attach to the word

"justify." If to "justify" means to prove that the conduct in question was right, it is obvious that the fact that the opinions trampled on were false would justify those who rejected them as well as the doctrine of the right of private judgment, whatever that may be. Mr. Phillimore would hardly doubt that the fact that a document presented to a banker, and purporting to be a cheque, was really a forgery, would justify him in refusing to cash it, as well as the absence of any balance to the credit of the supposed drawer. This, however, is probably not the sense in which the word "justify" was used. It was probably meant to assert that nothing but an admission of the right of private judgment could render the line of conduct in question plausible and consistent with the other principles of those who adopted it—could make it, so to say, good on the face of it. The proposition will then be that nobody can have plausible *prima facie* grounds for rejecting ancient and common opinions unless he is prepared to assert the right of private judgment. But the whole history of the world rebuts this notion. All religious innovation, and all the intolerance which religious innovation almost invariably produces, proceeds on the assumption that the innovator is right, and that the system against which he rebels is wrong. If he is able to convince mankind that he has any plausible grounds for thinking so, they see nothing strange—or, to use Mr. Phillimore's favourite phrase, nothing "illogical"—in his conduct, even when it tends to persecution. On the contrary, they often regard the fact that he is willing to go the length of persecution as a pledge of sincerity, and consequently as evidence of the truth of his opinions. When Mahomet declared that he had a divine commission to preach the unity of God and to destroy idolatry, no one said, "Nothing can justify you in trampling on idols except an assertion of that right of private judgment which you deny to idolaters." On the contrary, people felt that, if he really meant what he said, he could not act otherwise. He gave what seemed to those who heard it a probable and natural account of himself and his belief, and it was for this reason that they abetted him in his intolerance. The same may be said of the growth of Christianity in the early ages of the Church. Those to whom the Christian faith was first preached thought it true, and under that conviction trampled on the venerable creed of Paganism, and threatened, first, hell-fire, and afterwards earthly fire too, against all who thought otherwise. The spiritual empire of the Roman Catholic Church was built on precisely the same foundation. It depended on the belief in its claims of those to whom they were addressed, and that belief rendered intolerance possible, and excluded the doctrine of the right of private judgment. Produce ardent enthusiastic belief, no matter how—by a real or by a false revelation from God, by real or pretended miracles, by arguments addressed to the reason, by appeals addressed to the passions—and the same effect almost universally follows. The disciples, if not the leaders, exclaim—"We are right, our opponents are wrong; they are the enemies of the truth, and they must be restrained by such punishments, temporal or spiritual, as we can inflict or threaten." The only case in which persecuting innovators can fairly be taxed with absurdity—they can hardly ever be taxed with inconsistency—is the case in which their conviction of the truth of their own views has been produced by evidence so slight as, in the general opinion of the world, to justify contempt for those who are convinced by it. For instance, we should despise a modern Ultramontanist who wished to persecute on behalf of the Pope, not for wishing to persecute on behalf of a deputy God, but for being weak enough to believe in the claims of the Pope to be a deputy God.

Can, then, any one seriously maintain that the claims advanced by the Church of England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to be right as against the Church of Rome, were not sufficiently plausible to be held in good faith by a considerable number of people? They did not admit, as Mr. Phillimore's language implies, that they were trampling on doctrines held sacred for centuries. They viewed their conduct in quite another light. Their general position was something of this kind:—The whole Christian world agrees in believing that a supernatural revelation was made by God to man. We Protestants say that you Roman Catholics took advantage of this to usurp by certain means a power to which you had no right, and to introduce various corruptions into the original creed. We consider that the power which you so unlawfully usurped is lawfully in us, the Queen and Parliament of England, and in others—to wit, foreign nations in their own bounds; and we mean to act upon this view by exercising that power, by deciding what are corruptions and what is the true faith, and enforcing our own views by legal penalties. Mr. Phillimore cries out against the "logic" of this. How, he would probably ask, could the Church of England justify itself against the Brownist or Anabaptist, who claimed to differ from the Tudors and Stuarts as they had differed from Rome? He does not see that the Church of England might with equal justice say to the Church of Rome, What right had you to assert supremacy as against the Greek Church? What right had the Christians to assert themselves against the Pagans? The only possible answer, in every case, is the right of truth. We say that we are right, you say that you are right, the Anabaptists say that they are right; nor do we deny that, if you or they were right in your claims, you would be right in your conduct. We are so situated that no external visible authority except force can decide between us, and to that we are quite ready to appeal. We shall hang you if we can; you probably will burn us; but inasmuch as we believe ourselves to be right, we also believe that you will be eternally damned for burning us, and that we shall go to heaven for hanging you or being burnt by you. All

this is perfectly consistent. It may be right or wrong, but if it is "illogical," all war is illogical, and all government depending on and supporting itself by physical force is illogical; no room is left in the world for such a thing as difference of opinion and collision in practice. Mr. Phillimore's principles would tend to the conclusion that there is no logical way in which the truth of an established religion can be put in issue by any one who believes that religious truth is attainable at all; for his charge against the Church of England is that, by claiming to be right as against an established creed, it estopped itself from acting on the assumption that those who differed from it were wrong. If this is French logic, it is very like English nonsense. Does any one suppose that there neither is nor can be any case in which the United States could properly enforce their authority against rebels because they began by rebelling against us, or that a man who has once failed in an action at law can never recover damages from anybody else? Mr. Phillimore's view about the Church of England is just as unmeaning as if he had said, "How can A., who had to pay damages to B., venture to urge a claim against C.?" Nothing but the right of private judgment could justify his denial of B.'s claim. How, then, can he deny to C. the liberty of denying his own? The answer is, that he does permit C. to deny it at his peril; and that is just what is done by a persecuting Church, or a nation when it goes to war. The litigant, the Church, and the nation, each at a certain point, leaves off arguing, and acts upon the opinion that he or it is right and its antagonist wrong.

The truth is, that the proposition which Mr. Phillimore's argument implies—namely, that there is a principle, called the right of private judgment, which will always justify anybody in trampling under foot doctrines previously held sacred—is altogether unfounded; and its incorrectness shows the mischief of such wide and indefinite phrases as "the right of private judgment"—phrases which give to modern French writing much of that air of system and logic which Mr. Phillimore seems to admire. Experience has no doubt shown that to abstain from interference with all kinds of inquiry is the best way of arriving at truth; but so far is this from being a self-evident fact which the founders of the Church of England caught to have known by the light of nature, that nothing but long and varied experience can convince men that it is a fact at all, and it is even now doubtful whether the proposition ought not to be confined to particular subjects, particular ages of the world, and particular states of society. Unlimited freedom of inquiry amongst the private soldiers in a besieged town or on a battle-field might be an awkward thing, and not conducive to the formation of true opinions as to the best course to be taken. No competent judge will deny that there is a moral element in the formation of opinion—that there are opinions which it is morally wrong to hold, and which are held by reason of the moral obliquity of those who hold them.

The remainder of Mr. Phillimore's criticism is as unjust as the sentence which has been already discussed. He says, "If the Church of Rome persecuted, it was to uphold opinions that had been supposed for centuries to be the basis of social life, that were incorporated with the manners, the usages, the institutions of Christian Europe, &c. If the Church of England persecuted in Elizabeth's time, it was to support a creed unknown till it had been established by the Queen and her counsellors." The great object of the persecution on each side was to maintain or to repel the pretensions of the Roman Catholics to universal authority. It is monstrous to describe the religion of England in the sixteenth century as "a creed unknown till it had been established by the Queen and her counsellors." Did they invent the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Sacraments? Were they the authors of the Bible? The ground on which they went, right or wrong, was that they had freed the Christian religion from Romish corruptions and brought it back to something like its original purity. This may have been false, but it is childish to treat the pretension as so monstrously absurd that it could not at that time be made in good faith. It was made, in one shape or another, by half, and that the most intelligent half, of Europe. It was certainly much more reasonable than the Papal claim to infallibility; nor, after all, was it so very much more modern.

Mr. Phillimore proceeds:—"To say nothing of the want of logic in such conduct, until the mind of man be moulded anew, he will bear the arbitrary measures of a long-established dominion with much less impatience than the shameless tyranny of an upstart sect, crying out for toleration when it was weak and insisting on absolute submission when it was strong." The fallacy which pervades the whole of Mr. Phillimore's theory is sufficiently obvious. He cannot understand that any one can believe himself to be right and try to force his opinion on others. For several centuries, Christianity itself was an upstart sect crying out for toleration when it was weak and insisting on absolute submission when it was strong. Almost every sect naturally uses the language to which Mr. Phillimore objects. Their fundamental principle, the reason why they exist at all as distinct bodies, always is that they are right; and, assuming that to be so, the inference is irresistible that they ought to be spared in their weakness and obeyed in their strength. Is there anything absurd in the conduct of a man who says to the occupier of a house, "This is my house, though I am at present out of possession; keep it in good repair, or I shall turn you out when I have established my right; respect my interests when I am weak, for you will have to respect them when I am strong, and strong I shall be, for I have the law on my side, whatever you may think." He may be mistaken, but he is not inconsistent.

Apart from this, does human nature act as Mr. Phillimore says

it does? Is the tyranny of an established power submitted to more cheerfully than that of a new sect? The reverse is the fact. The French submitted cheerfully to the tyranny of the revolutionary Government, after destroying Louis XVI. and his noblesse. The Americans broke with Great Britain for a trifle; they bear almost anything from Mr. Lincoln. The Puritans crossed the Atlantic to avoid the tyranny of the Stuarts, but they enacted and maintained, in the "blue laws" of Connecticut, a code which was to the statute-book as scorpions to whips. Geneva broke loose from Rome, but Calvin had no difficulty in burning Servetus. The reason of this is not difficult to discover. Mankind are not of Mr. Phillimore's way of thinking. There is nothing which people in general understand better or like more than a sturdy claim of right vigorously upheld and pushed to all lengths. A man who is prepared to burn and be burnt may do almost what he likes with his fellow-men if he has any sort of plausibility about him. Any number of volunteers are ready to follow a good, fierce, positive apostle, with a vigorous creed which he applies unflinchingly. The friends of old, respectable, easy-going institutions are to be found either amongst those who do not think at all, or among those who think a great deal and have no objection to arrive at qualified and intricate opinions which it requires some pains and attention to understand.

Of course we do not mean to defend the intolerance of the Tudors and Stuarts. It was a very bad thing, but it should be attacked on right grounds; and, above all, it ought not to be called "illogical" by any one who knows enough of logic to be aware that its essence consists in drawing sound conclusions and not in forming showy premises.

ADMIRAL MILNE AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THE announcement of naval promotions some little time ago contained a piece of news which, to the casual reader, probably suggested nothing of significance. That Sir Alexander Milne was to be relieved of his command of the North American and West Indian squadron, and that his successor was Sir James Hope, was perhaps regarded by the majority of news-readers as an ordinary succession of one officer to another who had served his due and proper time. And so it was in appearance. Sir Alexander Milne has more than completed the prescriptive period of a naval command. It is quite natural that he should be removed. But his removal at this juncture suggests some reflections, and the nomination of his successor suggests more.

The contrast between the two Admirals is summed up in the observation that Admiral Hope "is a fighting man." The remark is not intended to convey any slight on his predecessor. Sir Alexander Milne's known character justifies us in saying that he would, in any war in which he held command, unquestionably display both the energy and the intrepidity which the English people expect from an English Admiral. Still, the observation—frequently made and repeated—embodies the professional estimate of the two men. Admiral Hope likes fighting for the sake of fighting, loves danger for the sake of the excitement, and would rather be in a fray than out of it. He is not chary of his own life, and, some people say, not sufficiently chary of the lives of his men. At any rate, he is more of a warrior than of a diplomatist, and of more proved capacity for firing on an enemy than for negotiating a compromise or smoothing a difficulty.

Now, it is neither unjust nor invidious to say that, during the last three years, Admiral Milne's labours have been more those of a diplomatist than those of an Admiral. He has been, we suspect, the Admiral rather of the Foreign Office than of the Admiralty. He was selected rather for such of his qualities as are pacific than for those which are warlike. He was selected for his tact, patience, temperate demeanour, and courteous bearing. He was selected as a man more likely to preserve the peace than to provoke hostilities with a people and a service much given to bullying and braggadocio. He was, if we mistake not, instructed at almost all risks to avoid a quarrel with the Government of the United States. The summary of his orders would be likely to run thus:—"Co-operate with Lord Lyons to preserve peace by all means in your power. Don't be irritated into a quarrel." Well were these instructions liked, and most faithfully have they been followed by their recipient. No man in this or in any other service could more conscientiously and zealously have carried out the orders of his Government than he has done; and for this plain reason, that they were in exact harmony with his sentiments, his convictions, and his predilections.

If, hereafter, upon a calm and deliberate view of the great American conflict, and of the part taken by the English Government, Englishmen sanction with their approbation the peaceful inactivity of their country, such praise as they will have to bestow must be fairly divided between Lord Lyons and Sir Alexander Milne. To have suggested the fewest possible topics of offence; to have refused to take offence when it was deliberately offered; to have disregarded impertinences, and not to have resented insolence; to have extended more than the usual measure of international courtesy to others who were too angry to allow to us the half of what they exacted for themselves; to have been indifferent not only to personal slights, but even to the affronts heaped upon their flag; and to have suffered all this that there might be peace between England and the Federal States—this has been the one general unceasing characteristic of Lord Lyons's

and Admiral Milne's official labours. If peace is the highest blessing, and peace-makers the most blessed of men, then the prospects of enduring beatitude reserved for our Minister at Washington and our Admiral in the Atlantic must far transcend the worth of all human praise and the splendour of all sublunary rewards. But it is just possible that, hereafter, Englishmen may not look upon the history of the last three years with unequivocal or unmodified satisfaction. It is possible that—as fact after fact comes up from the perplexed abyss of blue-books, despatches, Parliamentary papers, official remonstrances, and private complaints—Englishmen may come to the conclusion that peace was purchased very dearly. They may perhaps discover that something which itself can ensure peace, but which peace itself cannot ensure, was given in exchange; and that, after all, the peace purchased by a temporary abdication of national self-respect and a temporary abnegation of national honour was as brief as it was undignified, as insecure as it was humiliating.

We are not going to mouth Iambics about patriotism and the dominion of the seas. But we would remind the most selfish speculator in American securities that the Genius of Repudiation is more likely to select its victims among the meek and the long-suffering than among the proud and defiant portions of mankind. We would also remind the disciples of Economical Reform that, after all, there is as little economy as heroism in fitting out a great squadron with strict orders not only to give no offence, but to put up with any that may be given. When we wish to crown King Mob, or give a bloodless triumph to rampant rowdies, we are content to follow the passive example of Dogberry; we do not, as a preliminary, double our police force, buy the men new uniforms, arm them with new staves, parade them through the most crowded streets, and enjoin upon them a rapid retreat as soon as the first symptoms of a riot appear. We act our little part of cowardice or inertness without the gratuitous addition of an ignominious display. And with equal self-respect, and a considerable gain on the score of economy, we might have truckled to our American cousins, without signaling our abasement by the humiliation of a squadron which comprised some of the most magnificent ships in the whole of our navy. It is difficult to imagine what slaps on the face we should have been spared by the absence of a squadron off the coast of America, seeing what the presence of one has entailed upon us. No impertinence could have been offered grosser than the attack on the "Margaret and Jessie," had there not been an English gun-boat within a thousand miles of the Gulf of Florida. And we should not have heard the complaint which we now hear, that English men-of-war have been fired into by Federal cruisers without any retort beyond that of epistolary communications, resulting in dry apologies. As it is, English islands have been made the convenient rendezvous for American ships to organize their raids on English property in English waters; and English officers have been ordered to meet American outrages with the frank submission of Christian charity.

This may be all right and proper. War is doubtless a great evil. War with the Federal Republic would certainly be a dismal calamity. But has it been avoided by the course which the Ministry at home have directed the Ambassador and the Admiral to pursue? The appetite for offence and menace and insult grows with what it feeds on. And the growth of the American appetite may therefore be supposed to be enormous. If this be so, how is the new Admiral to meet it? Unless his antecedent history belie his real character, it is hard to believe that he will prove the willing instrument of orders which Admiral Milne has conscientiously and diligently obeyed. If he does, we shall of course hear of more English officers being snubbed—more English territory violated—more diplomatic glosses and compromises of insults and vexations. But if he does not—if he carries into the Gulf of Mexico the same temper which animated him in the waters of the Peiho—then it is clear that the action of our navy on the American coast must undergo a most momentous change. Whether this be the right time for making such a change, and whether any change in our demeanour should ever have been rendered necessary, are questions which sooner or later must engage the attention of every thinking Englishman who cares for the honour of his country. And we only hope that the ultimate result of the peculiar policy which our Government has pursued towards the Federal Republic may not add one more to the thousand illustrations of the emptiness of good intentions and the inefficacy of national dirt-eating. We do not know whether there are many who share this hope. Perhaps there is reason for suspecting that there are certain officers of Her Majesty's Navy who would not feel disappointed if they had an opportunity of showing that the traditions of the service are not wholly forgotten. Possibly there may be those who would like to inform mankind that the successors of Hawke and Nelson have learned other lessons beside those of turning their cheeks to the smiter, and replying to a shotted gun by a document in which the precise phraseology of an attorney's clerk is diluted with the weak compliments of an unpaid *attaché*.

SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD.

LUCIAN, Lyttleton, and Landor have tried their hands, with various success, at Dialogues of the Dead; and Homer and Dante have introduced the shades of the departed conversing lovingly or otherwise with men such as they now are. It would need a Swift rather than a Dante to picture Shakspeare in conference with the

modern Shakspeare-worshippers. Shakspeare, it is undeniable, wrote little for fame, but much for money. With the exception of Scott in recent times, he stands out as almost the solitary instance of a very great man who, before our own day, made a fortune out of his art and craft. Whatever his poetry may be, his life was of a thoroughly prosaic character; and the most marked contrast exists between his actual and very practical career, and the haze of glory which time has woven round his commonplace existence. It may be that, if we could get to the inner secrets of all hagiology, we should find every saint's fame growing in the same accidental way. There is doubtless a law, if we could detect it, which rules the rise and progress of a *cultus*. It may be, as in the parallel case of a myth, that there is a kernel of very ordinary matter of fact about which legend, and fiction, and possible events, and esoteric purposes gradually cling and develop themselves. The curious thing would be, if possible, to confront the simple saint or hero, all unconscious in life of saintly or heroic virtues, with the life and acts which a fond and growing devotion has attributed to him or her. The saint would be perfectly appalled at his own prodigious goodness; the hero would be the last to understand his own meaning, and the mind and purpose which his enthusiastic commentators have discovered in him. Poor old, vulgar, avaricious, sensual, grubbing Turner, mystified by a Ruskin, is perhaps only a general type of the hero in the presence of the hero-worshippers. Would that Shakspeare could any how witness his own apotheosis on the coming 23rd of April! He has waited about the legitimate time for canonization; beatified he has long been. But upon his three hundredth nativity he may be fairly presented to his devotees, in the ripeness of glory, as St. William of Stratford. There are many cities in Europe which live on the strength of an old relic. Trèves and its Holy Coat, Chartres and its special Virgin, Compostella and its peculiar St. Jago—these are only instances in religion of what is now being done in literature. Stratford has long lived on those honoured and untranslated bones. Every element of what they call abroad *douleur*, and, indeed, something like *latreia*, is practised in that very commonplace Warwickshire town. There is, we suppose, something in human nature which affects holy sites and sacred associations. The mulberry-tree which Shakspeare is said to have planted was cut down by an iconoclastic parson, and he has been damned to everlasting fame. Shakspeare's New Place (only it does not exist), and the house in which he was born, are objects of as idolatrous reverence as the Santa Casa of Loretto. We have recently been asked, on our faith in Halliwell, to invest thousands in what was once Shakspeare's estate. The very fields of Shottery and Charlscote are supposed by the devotees to be suffused with a certain relative sanctity which ought to redeem them from profane ploughs and sacrilegious grazing stock.

Of course this pays for Stratford. Stratford has been—at least since Garrick's time, to whom we owe the first distinct development of Shakspeare-worship—a sort of Delphi in England. He inaugurated the *cultus* by a celebration which took the title, as well as the form, of a religious rite. He proclaimed a Jubilee. There was a procession; there were hymns; and there was at least, as there is to be again, that festal element of sacrifice which consists in slaughtering bees and feeding upon the sacrifice. But there was in the first Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford one thing lacking; the hierophant was not in Holy Orders. This defect has now been supplied. We are to have another Jubilee at Stratford—a Tercentenary Celebration. The mystic period of three centuries has been fulfilled, and Stratford will now witness Shakspeare worship in its fullest development. A clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, is the priest of the new divinity, and he has already shown a divine forecast of the honours which in the fulness of the Shakspearian period awaited him. Mr. Bellew published some short time ago what is, we believe, called a monograph, and which might have been a chapter of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, on the discovery, real or supposed, of Shakspeare's name as a witness to some worthless deed. At least, we think it was this; and in the course of his investigation he showed himself quite worthy of his coming dignity. He dwelt upon what Shakspeare might have said and done and seen, till he persuaded himself that Shakspeare did say and do and see all manner of fine things. In short, just after the fashion of a mediæval legendist, he developed an ideal Shakspeare. And now we are all summoned to the plains of Stratford to fall down and worship the image which Mr. Bellew and the shopkeepers of Stratford are going to set up. Not that there is any image at all in the case at present. The Statue and Memorial, which are the only things worth caring for, are still in the hands of the Committee—we mean in the contemplation of the Sacred College of Stratford. But on the 23rd of April a solemn act of worship is to be performed, and all England is invited to assist. M. Comte, if our memory serves us, has already inscribed the divine Williams in the exuberant Calendar of the Holy Positive Church; but the new religion has not yet spread further than Wandsworth, with Mr. Congreve as sole wearer of the French Elijah's mantle. At Stratford, however, there will be no lack of pilgrims and devotees. The Mayor and the innkeepers are not a little rejoiced at the failure of the London Jubilee. It is the old rivalry of Mecca and Medina; and just as it is a sort of mark of a true, or at any rate of a vivacious, religion, that almost at the moment of its birth it produces opposite schools of interpretation, so it is with the Shakspeare worship. Mahomedanism had its rival Califates; the Jews have their contradictory schools of interpretation; Christianity has

its East and West; Buddhism has its distinct Indian and Cingalese development. Shakspeare-latria has its London and its Stratford Committees, or we should say Councils, who agree in reverencing a common object of worship with much the same brotherly love which Catholics and Protestants show to each other. At present the orthodox faith triumphs at Stratford. Thanks to the singularly bad tactics of the London professors, schism has split them up into innumerable factions. Arians and semi-Arians, and all the minor subdivisions of angry heterodoxy, are as nothing to the factions of Messrs. Dixon and Tom Taylor, Levi and Vizetelly.

But even Athanasius did not get it all his own way; nor is the sacred seat of orthodoxy, the home of Shakspearianism, without its internal troubles and disputes. The Stratford Committee is perplexed with a feud. If it is a sign of a true Church that it must have its enemies, Stratford fulfils the credentials. Part of the solemn Shakspeare rites on the 23rd of April is, or was, to consist of "a worthy celebration" of some of Shakspeare's plays. But here a difficulty was sure to present itself. A worthy celebration means a celebration by the best artists. Actors, like preachers, are a jealous and susceptible race, and just as the business of appointing the best preacher would be certain to call out the *odium theologicum* from its lowest depths, so there are sure to be many claimants for the honour of being the Shakspeare actor of the day. The Stratford Committee, through their Hierophant, or, in secular language, their Secretary, entered into correspondence with Mr. Phelps, late of Sadler's Wells, but now of "Old Drury." They invited and secured Mr. Phelps's consent to take part in the "Shakspeare Tercentenary Celebration" on the 23rd of April, undertaking that "the Rev. Mr. J. C. M. Bellew, who is a Vice-President and Member of the local Committee," should see Mr. Phelps on the subject. This visit of Mr. Bellew was never paid, and, in the meantime, the Committee, having secured Mr. Phelps's co-operation, also engaged Mr. Fechter to play Hamlet on the same occasion, letting Mr. Phelps down to Iachimo in *Cymbeline*. Upon this Mr. Phelps puts on the buskin, and certainly, if he storms on the stage half as fiercely as he struts in print, his tragic powers must be equal to the force of his italics. "I claim the right to be considered the foremost man in my profession in a demonstration meant to honour Shakspeare. I have produced worthily thirty-four of his plays. . . . They were acted in my theatre 4,000 times," &c.—an argument which might be paralleled if an organ-builder were to claim the right to play the *Messiah* because he had built three-fourths of the organs in England. By the way, it is well for Mr. Phelps that at this moment Australia holds a gentleman who would also perhaps claim the right to be considered the "foremost man in his profession" on grounds at least as logical as those advanced by Mr. Phelps. Mr. Phelps argues, or rather asserts, that "the Stratford Committee have insulted him by asking any man in this country to play Hamlet without having first consulted him." Mr. Phelps's powers of self-assertion are lofty enough to maintain themselves; and we shall not venture to contravene that superb estimate of himself which could scarcely be enhanced if we were to subscribe to it. Were it necessary to pronounce on the respective merits of Mr. Phelps and Mr. Fechter, we might perhaps say that Mr. Fechter is a very fair Hamlet—indeed, a passably good Hamlet as times go—and a very indifferent Shakspearian in any other character; and that Mr. Phelps is a moderately good actor in any character that he undertakes. Judging from his epistolary style, we should go further in our estimate of his dramatic capabilities, and we would not deny that he might throw remarkable spirit into Bombastes Furioso. As to poor Mr. Fechter, it seems that he is only a presentment of Mr. Bellew himself. Mr. Phelps evidently thinks, and so does all the world, that Mr. Bellew is an especial patron and guide, philosopher and friend of Mr. Fechter; and that though Mr. Bellew sonorously salutes Mr. Phelps as "the foremost of English tragedians," the reverend gentleman was only adopting a mental reservation in favour of one who might be the foremost of tragedians, and yet not an English tragedian at all. And here the matter rests. Mr. Phelps, with the utmost indignation, has declined to assist in the Stratford Celebration at all. "The foremost of English tragedians" is not going to be put off with a paltry Iachimo while a frog-eating Frenchman presents the noble Dane. So that, if there is to be any Stratford play-acting at all, it will be with maimed rites, and with envy, hatred, and malice festering in artistic and Shakspeare-loving bosoms.

We have a suggestion. All this trouble seems to have originated in Mr. Bellew's good or bad management. He is now bound to stand in the gap which he has himself created. Why should not he, as the foremost of English histrionics, "present" Shakspeare on the stage as worthily as he has presented other things on another stage? *Pulpitum* is an appliance common to more than one profession. Mr. Bellew cannot think that there is anything improper in the exchange of the surplice for the player's robe. Already he does a stage-manager's work, and casts the characters in "Bedford Chapel, New Oxford-street," from which home of religion he dates his letter to Mr. Phelps, doubtless for the purpose of keeping up the sacred associations of the coming festival. And already Mr. Bellew knows, from his "readings" at five shillings a head, that the labourer in art as well as in pastoral duties is worthy of his hire. There is the whole range of Shakspeare open to him. "Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light" for Mr. Bellew. He has played, and is

playing, many parts, and he may as well try another. Cardinal Wolsey might suit the gravity of a clerical tragedian. Mr. Phelps, who considers Mr. Bellew an incarnation of perfidy, would perhaps suggest Iago. But Mr. Bellew in Bottom, at the Stratford Tercentenary Festival, would amply atone for the absence of the foremost man in his profession, and would almost reconcile the Shakspeare worshippers to the spectacle of a foreign Hamlet.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—THE BRONZE AGE.

ON the 23rd of January, Mr. Lubbock delivered at the Royal Institution the first lecture of a course on "The Antiquity of Man." After deprecating any comparison between his lectures and those of the great philosophers who have rendered the Royal Institution so justly celebrated, the lecturer stated that the Pre-historic Archaeology might be divided into four great epochs, namely:—

1. That of the Drift, when man shared the possession of Europe with the mammoth, the cave bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. This may be called the "Drift" or "Mammoth" period.
2. The later or polished Stone Age, characterized by beautiful weapons and instruments made of flint and other stones, but in which we find no trace of a knowledge of metal, excepting perhaps of gold, which seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments.
3. The Bronze Age, in which bronze was used for arms and cutting instruments of all kinds.
4. The Iron Age, in which that metal had superseded bronze as the material of arms, axes, knives, &c.

The two stone ages lie entirely beyond the range of history, or even of tradition; but Hesiod, the earliest of European writers, speaks of a time when all implements and instruments were of bronze, iron being unknown. From the accounts given by Homer it would appear that the time of the Trojan war may be regarded as the period of transition between the ages of bronze and iron, so far at least as regards the South of Europe. Lucretius distinctly mentions the three later ages:—

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesque fuerunt,
Et lapides, et item sylvarum fragmina rami,
Posterior ferri vis est, ærisque reperta,
Sed prior æris erat, quam ferri cognatus usus.

Sir R. C. Hoare also came to the conclusion that the tumuli in which he found only implements of stone were the most ancient, and that those containing articles of bronze were older than those characterized by the presence of iron. The Scandinavian archaeologists, however, and especially Messrs. Nilsson and Thomsen, were the first to apply these ideas as the basis of a definite calculation.

We might at first be disposed to wonder that bronze, an alloy of copper and tin, should have been in use before iron; but it must be remembered that copper is found native in some places, and that the ores of tin are distinguished by their great weight, while those of iron, though far more abundant, are much less striking. The extreme rarity of copper arms or implements seems to indicate that the advantage of combining these two metals was known before the use of either was introduced into Europe. We do not as yet know when iron was introduced into the North of Europe, but when the armies of Rome brought the civilization of the South into contact with that of the North, they found the use of iron already well known to their new enemies. Moreover, in several places large quantities of arms, &c., have been found which could be referred, either from coins or inscriptions, to the Roman period, and these collections never include any implements or arms of bronze, which, however, was freely used for ornaments. Conversely, many large "finds" of bronze objects are known, but these are always ante-Roman, and almost without exception unaccompanied by any object made of iron. These and similar facts seem to justify the separation of the ages of bronze and iron, and likewise indicate that iron was known not only on the shores of the Mediterranean, but also north of the Alps, several hundred years before our era.

There are four principal theories as to the introduction of bronze into Northern Europe. Some archaeologists refer it to a gradual progress in the arts, unaccompanied by any sudden or violent change. Some refer it to the Roman armies, others to the Phœnician merchants; while, finally, the Danish archaeologists consider that the men of the Stone Age were replaced by a new and more civilized people of Indo-European race, who, coming from the East, and bringing with them a knowledge of metal, overran Europe, and dispossessed, in some places entirely destroying, the original, or at least the earlier, inhabitants. The total absence of implements made of tin, and the extreme rarity of those made of copper, as well as the great similarity both in form and ornamentation presented by the implements found in different parts of Europe, seem to be a satisfactory argument against the theory of an independent and more or less simultaneous development of metallurgical knowledge in Europe. Some of the reasons against attributing the bronze arms to the Romans have been already mentioned, to which it may be added that the Romans used the word "ferrum" to signify a sword, and that bronze arms have been found in countries never visited by the Roman armies. That the Bronze Age civilization was due to Phœnician intercourse has recently been maintained by Professor Nilsson, and denied by Sir Cornwall Lewis, who has scarcely done justice to the ancient Phœnician voyagers. Pytheas, for instance, he does not hesitate to call a "mendacious impostor," giving four principal reasons for

so severe a condemnation. Pytheas, it seems, said that "if any person placed iron in a rude state at the mouth of the volcano in the island of Lipari, together with some money, he found on the morrow a sword or any other article that he wanted in its place." This only proves that the old myth of Wayland Smith, which is found all over Europe, existed at that time in the Lipari Islands. Nor is the statement, after all, so mythical as is generally supposed. On the contrary, it is a true statement of what has actually occurred when an ignorant people, living by the side of a more civilized race, and attributing their superiority to magical arts, has been anxious to benefit by the necromancy, and yet afraid to come into actual contact with the magicians themselves. Thus the Veddahs of Ceylon, when they wanted arrows, used to bring some "flesh in the night and hang it up in a smith's shop, also a leaf cut in the form they will have their arrows made and hang by it, which if the smith do make according to their pattern, they will requite, and bring him more flesh." If our knowledge of this peculiar mode of barter had been derived from the Veddahs, it would undoubtedly have taken the form of the old European myth. The metallurgists of old, to preserve their monopoly, would evidently have a great interest in keeping up the mystery. Another difficulty is the assertion that, round the island of Thule, Pytheas saw a substance which was neither earth, air, nor water, but resembled meduse, or jelly fishes (*πινυμον θαλασσιον ιουδε*), and could neither be crossed on foot nor in ships. This passage, which has completely puzzled Southern commentators, is regarded by Professor Nilsson as a striking evidence of Pytheas's veracity. For when the Northern sea freezes, this does not happen as in a pond or a lake. Small separate plates of ice are formed, and, as soon as this process commences, the fishermen hurry to the shore lest they should be caught in the ice, which for some time is too thick to permit the passage of a boat and too weak to support the weight of a man. The disks of ice, tossed about by the waves, suggested to Professor Nilsson, when he first saw them, the idea of a crowd of meduse; and if we imagine a Southerner who had never before witnessed such a phenomenon, and who on his return home wished to describe it to his fellow-countrymen, we must feel that it would have been difficult for him to find an apter or a more ingenious simile. It is not more far-fetched or less appropriate than that used by Herodotus, when, in order to describe a heavy snow-storm, he compared it to a fall of feathers. But even if Sir C. Lewis could shake our faith in these particular expeditions, still there remain overwhelming proofs of an important and extensive commerce in even more ancient times than those of Pytheas or Himilco. Marseilles was founded by the Phœcean Greeks about 600 B.C. Carthage is supposed to have been built by the Phœnicians about 800 B.C., Utica 300 years earlier still, and Cadiz about the time of the Trojan war. The high civilization of Egypt in the time of Joseph is apparent to every careful reader of the Old Testament. Nay, the very presence of bronze itself is a sufficient proof, since the tin of which it is composed was, according to all ancient authorities, derived mainly, if not altogether, from Cornwall. But, even if we feel disposed to admit with Professor Nilsson that the Phœnicians reached the southern parts of Norway, it is not so easy to connect them with the Bronze Age. The small size of the handles, which would make the swords and daggers of that period so little adapted to the hands of modern European races, is equally compatible with a Phœnician or an Indo-European origin. We can, however, afford to suspend our judgment on this question; the future will answer for the past.

It is probable that both Stonehenge and Abury belong to the Bronze Age. The stones of Stonehenge were said by Giraldus to have been brought from Africa and set up in Ireland by giants, after which the wizard Merlin transferred them by his magic to Salisbury Plain. But this only shows that the writer knew nothing about it. The very name of Stonehenge sufficiently indicates that the Saxons had no knowledge of its origin. It is generally considered to mean the "Hanging stones," but it is at least as probable that the last syllable is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "eng," a place. It was natural enough that a new race of men, finding this magnificent ruin standing in solitary grandeur on Salisbury Plain, and able to learn nothing about its origin, should call it simply the "Place of Stones," but it would seem very unlikely that they would have done so if they had known the name of him in whose honour it was erected. It is evident that Stonehenge was at one time a place of peculiar sanctity. A glance at the Ordnance map will show that the tumuli or ancient burial-mounds cluster in great numbers around and within sight of Stonehenge, almost like the graves round a modern church, the rest of the country being comparatively free from them. If, then, we can determine the age of these tumuli, we should probably be justified in referring the great Cathedral itself to the same period. Now of these barrows Sir Richard Colt Hoare examined a very large number, of which 151 had not been previously opened. In the great majority he found burnt bones, and we know that the dead were generally burnt during the Bronze Age. Only two tumuli contained any iron weapons, and these were both secondary interments; that is to say, the owners of the iron weapons were not the original occupants of the tumuli. On the other hand, no less than 39 of the tumuli contained objects of bronze; and one of these was still more closely connected with the temple by the presence of fragments not only of the great "Sarcen" stones, but also of the blue stones forming the inner circle, and which do not appear to occur naturally in Wiltshire. Under

these circumstances, it seems probable that we may refer Stonehenge to the Bronze Age.

Abury is much less known than Stonehenge, and yet, though a ruder, it must have been originally even a grander temple. According to Aubrey, "Abury did as much exceed Stoneheng as a cathedral does a parish church." When perfect, it seems to have consisted of a circular ditch and embankment containing an area of 28½ acres; inside the ditch was a circle of great stones, and within this again two smaller circles, formed by a double row of similar stones standing side by side. From the outer embankment started two long winding avenues of stones, one of which went in the neighbourhood of Beckhampton and the other in that of Kennet, where it ended in another double circle. Midway between the avenues stood Silbury Hill, the largest artificial mound in Great Britain, and measuring no less than 170 feet in height. From its position it appears to form part of the general plan; and though it has been twice examined, no primary interment has been found in it. Mr. Fergusson, who believes that both Stonehenge and Abury belong to post-Roman times, considers that the Roman road from Bath to Marlborough passed right under, and was therefore older than, Silbury Hill. But on the Ordnance map, as well as on other older maps, the Roman road is represented as swerving to the south of the hill, evidently to avoid it, which certainly appears to be a strong argument against Mr. Fergusson, and to show, in the quaint words of old Stukely, that "Silbury Hill was ancienter than the Roman road." Stukely thinks that it was erected in 1859 B.C., the year of the death of Sarah, Abraham's wife! It seems better for the present to confess our ignorance. Still, as the stones of Abury are unheaven, while those of Stonehenge are roughly squared, it is natural to suppose that the latter is also the later, in which case we may perhaps refer Abury to the earlier part of the Bronze Age. Unfortunately, the pretty little village of Abury has grown up like some beautiful parasite in the middle, and at the expense, of the ancient remains, and out of 650 stones not above 20 still remain. It is sad indeed to think that such a magnificent monument has been almost entirely destroyed for a paltry profit of a few pounds.

In one of the Danish tumuli the whole dress of a Bronze Age chieftain was discovered in an admirable state of preservation. The body had been extended at length, in an oaken coffin, hollowed internally; the flesh was reduced to a dark, greasy substance, and, oddly enough, the bones were reduced to a blue powder. The dress consisted of a cap, a coarse cloak, two shawls, and a pair of leggings, as well as of traces of boots, which were of leather, the other articles being all of wool. Traces of linen have been found in tumuli of this period, and also in some of the Swiss Lake villages.

From the same source we get our best information as to the food and mode of life at this period. The ox, hog, horse, sheep, goat, and dog were already domesticated, and both wheat and barley were cultivated, though for a large part of their food mankind still depended on the produce of the chase. The most characteristic objects of bronze are the pointed leaf-shaped swords, the celts or axes, daggers, spearheads, pins, and bracelets. The ornaments are combinations of very simple geometrical patterns, composed of spirals, circles, and zigzag lines. Representations of animals or plants are rarely, if ever, attempted. It is already evident that these Bronze men were no mere savages. The North of Europe had a long and eventful history before the time of the Romans, and if much of it is lost for ever, if we must confess that there are some questions connected with the past which archaeology will probably never be able to answer, we may hope also that it will answer many which it would not as yet occur to us to ask.

HUGHSON v. WINDHAM.

THE theories of certain doctors on the subject of insanity have of late been notably discredited, whether they were invoked in favour of or against the alleged lunatic. The appearance which Mr. W. F. Windham has this week made in the Court of Common Pleas, if in other respects unedifying, has at least been useful in demonstrating the absurdity of the pleas on which it was attempted to deprive him of the right of squandering his fortune as freely as other victims of coarse tastes and unbridled passions. This unfortunate young man has been compelled to defend the small remainder of his property against a claim which was indeed extravagant enough, but which nevertheless had the effect of showing that Mr. Windham knows tolerably well what he is about.

The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Hughson, who brought forward this claim is entitled to have credit given to him for the originality as well as boldness which he displayed. Surely no solicitor ever dreamed before of charging a client for 198 nights spent about his affairs in bad company, at the rate of two guineas a night. The alleged object of all these attendances in the purlieus of the Haymarket was to get up evidence in the divorce suit which Mr. Windham was prosecuting against his wife. The sum charged for loss of time and expenses was 714*l.*, and the plaintiff admitted that he had received 275*l.* in reduction of his claim, leaving a balance of 439*l.*, for which he brought his action. Mr. Windham, on the other hand, contended that the plaintiff was nothing more than a clerk, employed and paid by his solicitors in the divorce suit. Those solicitors had included in their bill of costs against him a charge for the plaintiff's services, so that nothing had ever been due from Mr. Windham to the plaintiff, and the payments

which the plaintiff pretended to have received from Mr. Windham on account were loans made under promise of repayment. Such was the case which Mr. Windham's counsel presented to the jury, and which Mr. Windham himself appeared in the witness-box to support. It must be allowed that the defendant, in the various litigations which have brought his name before the public, has been served by his lawyers with a zeal and diligence which might be called, in more than one sense of the word, exhaustive. The instructions which Mr. Windham was alleged to have given to Mr. Hughson, "that everything was to be done in first-class style," were certainly fulfilled. The plaintiff stated that he was employed "to learn the history of the whole of Mrs. Windham's life." He embarked in the requisite investigations, "which were most intricate." He had to see "gay ladies" and others, with a twofold object. Evidence was to be obtained against Mrs. Windham, and Mr. Windham was to be prevented from creating evidence against himself. The plaintiff stated that he had "to keep a look out on Mr. Windham," to see that he did not perform acts such as those which he charged against his wife. The plaintiff did not particularly inform the jury how far he considered that he had succeeded in fulfilling the latter portion of his duties; but it may be conceded in his favour that, if he only tried persistently to fulfil it, he must have gone through a great amount of labour which certainly could not be performed during the hours of regular attendance to the business of a solicitor. The plaintiff "met Mr. Windham in night-houses in the Haymarket, and was spending money for him every night." He considered that the salary of three guineas a week, at which he had been engaged by Mr. Windham's solicitors, would not pay for night-work; and, according to his own account, he told Mr. Windham that he proposed to charge him two guineas a night extra. On this footing he pursued what he called "his investigations." Six, eight, ten, and twelve times a day he had to be at these night-houses. This continued, week days and Sundays, for seven months. Often he was engaged as late as three or four o'clock in the morning. He reported from time to time the "information" he obtained. The expenses varied from fifteen shillings to three pounds a night for entertaining ladies and others during these "investigations." He employed men to watch Mrs. Windham, and she employed men to watch the plaintiff. In the course of his "investigations" he examined upwards of one hundred witnesses with reference to the charges of adultery on both sides. He "got up the brief" in the divorce suit. But in the midst of all this indefatigable devotion to the case in which he was engaged, it seems that the plaintiff had omitted to take one possibility into consideration. He protected Mr. Windham against the wiles of all women except one—namely, his wife; and he watched the communications of Mrs. Windham with all men except one—namely, her husband. The chance that Mrs. Windham might, as the plaintiff expressed it, "get at" Mr. Windham does not seem to have occurred to the plaintiff's mind. He appears to have been possessed with a belief that whatever happened in the Haymarket or thereabouts between midnight and four o'clock in the morning was evidence in the case which he was getting up. The plaintiff being a Scotchman, would not have forgotten his humanities, and he may be imagined saying to himself "*Quidquid agunt homines. . . . nostri est farrago libelli*—whatever men and women do in the Haymarket may be crammed into our brief." The case, however, which was being thus elaborated, came suddenly to an end by the reconciliation of the parties to it. Mr. Windham told the plaintiff that "common sense" produced the reconciliation. The plaintiff further stated that the business done by him for Mr. Windham was not wholly connected with the divorce suit. He got money for Mr. Windham on bills. He "arranged his bills with Mace and other fighting men." There were a great many applications from ladies for money, and the plaintiff also arranged all these. An affair of this kind was described by Mr. Windham himself as "squaring" a certain Miss Cooper. The plaintiff went to Norwich at the request of Mr. Windham, and was in attendance on him there from morning to night. He reported how the "investigations" in the Haymarket were then going on. He spent ten or fifteen Sundays on Mr. Windham's business—two or three of them in watching Mrs. Windham, three or four at Norwich, and one "with a party of fighting men." No explanation was afforded by the plaintiff as to what was the supposed connexion of the fighting-men with the divorce suit, but it may be taken to be by no means impossible that they may have spent some portion of their time in the Haymarket during the preceding week.

The answer made by Mr. Windham to this extraordinary claim was that the plaintiff was introduced to him at the office of his solicitor as a clerk to attend solely to his business. Occasionally he went about with the plaintiff to make inquiries. The plaintiff once said to him that he did not think he was sufficiently paid, and told a long rambling story of how much he did of a night, which Mr. Windham did not think was much. Mr. Windham, however, told the plaintiff that he would see him paid what was just and fair. Mr. Windham's view of the alleged "investigations" in the Haymarket was, that "the plaintiff generally amused himself, he thought, in getting drunk at the different public-houses." This version of the story was supported by a witness who stated that he thought the plaintiff was in the Haymarket "on his own hook enjoying himself." Mr. Windham says that he sent for the plaintiff to Norwich to do some work, which he might have

done in three days and gone back again; but instead of that, he hung about inns and rode to and fro between Cromer and Norwich on Mr. Windham's coach, "obliging him many times to refuse passengers, and annoying him very much." Being asked on cross-examination whether he had not twice made the plaintiff pay his fare when riding on his coach to Norwich, he answered, "Of course he did; he was not going to lose his fare when he refused other passengers to make room for Hughson."

It has been Mr. Windham's fate to be so treated that, in spite of his strange tastes and habits, he inspires a degree of sympathy in the spectators of his various appearances in the courts of law. The jury which had to decide between him and Mr. Hughson did not bestow much attention on the alleged special contract to pay for night-work. Mr. Hughson, by his own admission, had already received 275*l.*, either as payment on account, as he alleged, or by way of loan, as alleged by Mr. Windham. He had also received three guineas a week from Mr. Windham's solicitors, and about 50*l.* for expenses, which would cover an outlay of 5*s.* per night during the six or seven months occupied by the "investigations." On the whole, the jury thought that the plaintiff, besides being repaid for all legitimate expenditure on behalf of Mr. Windham, had been sufficiently remunerated for his services in getting up the divorce case, even adopting the most liberal interpretation that could reasonably be proposed of the word "services." The plaintiff's own view of what ought to be considered as assistance in getting up a case may be aptly compared with that "ringing in the King's affairs," which one of Falstaff's recruits alleged had given him a cold, and thus entitled him to exemption from serving the King in war. Mr. Hughson seems to have consorted a good deal with gay ladies and fighting men at hours when decent people are in bed, and he seems to have possessed a capacity, if not a disposition, for imbibing during his vigils in the Haymarket a considerable quantity of strong liquors. He proposed to charge Mr. Windham for all the time and drink that he thus consumed. It is perhaps surprising that he did not go rather further, and demand compensation for injury to his physical and moral health sustained in his nocturnal perambulations about Mr. Windham's business. It might have been urged that Mr. Hughson was a Scotchman, and therefore, that the fact of his consenting to spend a Sunday in the society of fighting men proved that he made an unreserved sacrifice of all considerations, temporal and spiritual, to insure the success of Mr. Windham's cause. Then, again, if he really did endeavour to prevent Mr. Windham from affording to Mrs. Windham matter for recrimination in the divorce suit, it must be owned that his undertaking would be difficult, and perhaps perilous. However, the jury seem, on the whole, to have been of opinion that Mr. Hughson did what he did because he liked to do it, and they refused therefore to return a verdict on the principle that he had lived and moved during seven months exclusively for Mr. Windham's benefit. But it is to be feared that, between friends and enemies, English and Scotch lawyers, prostitutes and fighting men, there cannot be much left of the unfortunate Mr. Windham's patrimony.

MUSIC IN THE CONCERT ROOM.

CHRISTMAS is not a favourable season for music either in the concert room or on the stage. The visiting and merry-making usual at that time of the year keep large audiences indoors, and when people do seek excitement at public places of amusement, the plea of the rising generation in favour of Mr. Beverley's Grand Transformation Scene, with the conventional, but still believed in, drolleries of Clown and Pantaloon, their hot poker, tricks, and tumbling, is too strong to leave a chance for the calmer charms of an evening with Mozart or Beethoven. This is, indeed, so well understood that our English opera during holiday time devotes all its strength to the halls of Chivalry. The opera queen vacates her throne for Mr. Payne and his hobby-horse, and the only trace of an Opera House is in an isolated act from some threadbare opera which serves to keep the pit and gallery quiet, while the occupants yet to fill the stalls and boxes are still wending their way to the theatre. Exeter Hall, meanwhile, finds it difficult to collect its monster choruses; and the Monday Concerts, having nothing but music to fall back upon, wisely wait till the public eye, satiated with the glories of the paint pot, the glare of gas, and the excitement of a possible and probable *auto-de-fé*, and the public ear, wearied with listening to the Queen's English tortured into and out of every possible shape and sound, long and seek for some quieter and healthier source of amusement. This dead season has, however, now passed away. The Christmas gambols have ceased at the Crystal Palace and Herr Manns has resumed his delightful Saturday Concerts. The Sacred Harmonic Society and Mr. Martin are continuing their concerts. The Musical Society of London has commenced its sixth campaign, and three of the second part of the sixth season of the Monday Popular Concerts have already been given. Of these three concerts, two have been devoted to commemorations of the birthdays of Mendelssohn and Mozart. As a general rule, we distrust "festivals" and "commemorations." They are usually mere catch-penny announcements, and are too often used as cloaks under which to hide shabby and ill-prepared performances. The magic of a great name is evoked to fill a hall, but no care is spent upon giving an insight into the means by which the great name was won, or making clear its claims to honour and respect. The tact

and general good taste which have attended the proceedings of the manager of the Monday Concerts did not, however, desert him on these occasions. Allowing for an air of somewhat pardonable self-congratulation which occasionally disfigures the analytical programme, there has been an absence of the "glorious triumph" and "brilliant success" tone about these concerts which, in these days of outrageous puffing and mendacious assertion, is very refreshing. Devoting a programme entirely to Mozart, and another entirely to Mendelssohn, was a very legitimate way of reminding people that one was born on the 27th of January, and the other on the 3rd of February. Both concerts were excellently arranged and well carried out. Although frequently played at these concerts, no one can hear too often the exquisitely melodious quintet for the clarinet supported by the strings. The beauty of tone which Mr. Lazarus succeeds in extracting from his instrument was never more conspicuous than on last Monday week. The Mendelssohn night is especially to be commended as presenting examples of the composer at several stages of his career, from the age of eighteen to within two years of his too early death in 1847. Thus there was the quartet in E flat, the second movement of which, called "the canzonet," is singularly quaint and original; then came No. 2 of three caprices for the piano alone, and for the second part, the quintet in B flat, written in 1845, and memorable at these concerts as being the first piece at the first Monday Popular Concert five years ago; and as a concluding piece, the superb trio for piano, violin, and violoncello in C minor. M. Vieuxtemps has succeeded M. Lotto as first violin, and his greater experience as a leader of chamber music makes us in some measure forgetful of the peculiar character of his tone and method of producing his notes.

The Musical Society, although the very birthday of Mozart was chosen to commence their season, did not give Mozart the post of honour in their programme. Spohr's symphony, "The Power of Sound," one of Beethoven's overtures, and Mozart's Concerto in D minor, were the staple pieces. In the latter a new pianiste, Miss Zimmerman, made her *début* at these concerts. The lady is very young, but she showed a firm touch and much delicacy of taste. The single novelty was M. Gounod's overture to his setting of Molière's *Médécine malgré lui*. The piece in itself is not very remarkable, and, such as it is, its position in the programme and its performance by the orchestra did it but scant justice. Composed as this Society is of nearly all the most musical people in London, professional as well as amateur, we might look, if not for absolute novelty, at least for some research in the construction of their programmes; but the Society follows closely in the beaten track of its older rivals. Different indeed is the course pursued by Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace. When that building was opened with such a parade of educational purpose, we have no doubt that Music had but little place among Pompeian Courts and Nineveh Temples. We all know how far the masses have taken to the pretty pictures provided for their instruction, and how completely poor Albert Smith's predictions have been verified. In the case, however, of music, the Crystal Palace has been the means, through their very clever conductor Herr Manns, of diffusing a very great amount of instruction. Sydenham in this respect possesses what London cannot boast—a cheap and excellent school in which any one may study, and study efficiently, the best orchestral music. The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are, in all that relates to orchestral music, models. The band plays with a delicacy unsurpassed by any band in London, and can execute a *piano* passage as the composer has indicated that it should be played. With an educated and catholic taste which cannot be too highly praised, Herr Manns affords the frequenters of the Winter Concerts an opportunity of hearing every description of orchestral music that is worth listening to. We have more than once expressed a hope that something similar to these concerts might be established in London, and we hear it is extremely probable that this will now be done, and that Herr Manns is to have the management of the undertaking. The success of the Monday Popular Concerts and the Saturday Concerts at Sydenham convinces us that Herr Manns has only to bring the same skill to town which he has hitherto displayed to secure the thanks and support of all lovers of good music.

There have been two admirable performances of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Mr. Martin has had his commemoration of the same composer by giving a performance of the *Elijah*. We never listen to these enormous (shall we say overgrown?) masses of chorus-singers without wondering that, amidst so many schemes, some one does not give these oratorios in a more modest but completer style. Would it, for example, be impossible to induce the public to listen to the *Elijah*, or *Creation*, or even the *Messiah*, sung by a chorus of one hundred singers, every one of whom should be competent and self-reliant? We fancy picked voices of that number, with Beethoven's favourite number (sixty) for a band, would give a better performance and more pleasure than is now afforded by the hundreds assembled at Exeter Hall, of whom a fair proportion sing scarcely at all, and a larger proportion succeed in neutralizing the effect of those who know their work and sing well. This experiment has been tried on Mr. Leslie's *Immanuel*, but not, we think, on any of the well-known oratorios; till it is, we despair of a performance completely perfect. Mentioning Mr. Leslie's *Immanuel* brings us to the second concert of his choir. The novelty here was Mendelssohn's cantata "Sons of Art," for male voices only, with an accompaniment of wind

instruments. This, if we mistake not, was written for an open-air meeting at Cologne of choirs from different parts of Germany; and Mr. Leslie's forces were hardly strong enough to make head against the instruments, especially as they were played by the Grenadier Guards, probably unused to accompany vocal music. The rest of the concert was fairly done, although the selection was somewhat dry—especially Wesley's motet, which, skilful as is the construction, scarcely repays the listeners at all events, for their attention.

Of several Monster Concerts which have taken place it is useless to speak, for no possible good from such entertainments can come either to the public in the way of amusement or to artists in the way of opportunity. Every conceivable incongruous element is heaped together, for what purpose except an advertisement it is impossible to say. What has the reading of "Lirriper's Lodgings" to do with a musical entertainment? Each department of art should preserve its own place, and not intrude or be intruded upon by the rest. Among the caterers of such things Mr. Howard Glover enjoys an unenviable pre-eminence. Any one glancing over the programme of what he styled a "festival performance" (given on Ash-Wednesday, of all days for a festival) would have been forcibly reminded of the opening lines of Horace's *Arts Poetica*. Such a collection of scraps sung by artists known and unknown has, we venture to say, rarely been put together. Just fifty-seven pieces, including overtures, choruses, instrumental and concerted pieces, were to be performed, and although commencing at seven o'clock, when the last would be done it is hard to say. For what reasons singers and players of high reputation—and this was the third of similar exhibitions—lend themselves to such proceedings we cannot guess; but of one thing we are certain, that they tend in no small degree to lower the claims of music to be considered other than a very ordinary trade.

REVIEWS.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.*

THE name of Alexander Hamilton is well, though somewhat vaguely, known to the few Englishmen who are moderately well acquainted with the history of the United States; and Mr. Riethmüller has done a service to all who care to get a clear notion of one of the greatest events in modern history by writing his life in a short, clear, and interesting way. The book itself is not one of any great research, nor does it appear whether or not there are any materials for a life of Hamilton which it would be worth while to examine at the expense of any considerable amount of labour. Mr. Riethmüller seems to have written his book in England, and from materials accessible to every one, but he has put the result together with a good deal of literary skill and in an amusing form. His book has also the merit of being short. It is all to the point, and contains hardly anything which the reader feels inclined to skip. It has, however, one great defect; it is grievously bare of dates.

Alexander Hamilton appears to have been, in many respects, the most considerable man in the history of the American Revolution. He was born at Nevis, in the West Indies, on the 11th of January 1757, and was the son of a Scotch gentleman belonging to the great Hamilton family, who married a French Huguenot of the name of Faucette. Alexander Hamilton was the only child of the marriage who grew up, and was left an orphan at an early age. After serving as a clerk in one or two merchants' offices, he was at last sent to King's College at New York, where he distinguished himself amongst the students for ability of various kinds. When the revolutionary war broke out, he betook himself to the study of fortification and gunnery, and got the command of a company of artillery, the good discipline of which attracted Washington's attention and led him to form the acquaintance of its captain, then a youth of about nineteen years of age. As the war went on, Hamilton was attached to the staff, and became a lieutenant-colonel and aide-de-camp, and, finally, secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. He seems to have shown extraordinary ability in this position, especially when his youth and the extreme importance and delicacy of the business which he had to transact are taken into account. Every sort of negotiation was entrusted to him, and he drew up instructions, proclamations, and, in a word, all the documents which the management of the campaign required. On some occasions he had to assume responsibilities requiring personal qualities of a very uncommon kind. Thus, he gave peremptory orders to General Gates and General Putnam, in the full pride of the victory at Saratoga, as to the reinforcements which they were to forward to Washington; and he contrived to smoothe down the wounded pride of D'Estering, the French Admiral, when he had been grossly insulted by a protest against his conduct by certain other American officers who charged him with deserting their interests. He also had the credit of dissuading Congress from accepting the invitation, made by the French Government at the suggestion of Lafayette, to join them in undertaking the invasion of Canada. Hamilton pointed out with extreme shrewdness the power which success in this enterprise would give to allies who cared far more for their own interests than for those of the United States. Hamilton also played an important part in the affair of Major André. He was at breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold at

* *Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries; or, the Rise of the American Constitution.* By Christopher James Riethmüller. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.

the very moment when Arnold made an excuse to leave the room and go on board an English ship of war, and he used every possible effort to overcome Washington's resolution to execute André as a spy. His want of success appears to have wounded him deeply, and Mr. Riethmüller conjectures with much plausibility that the mortification which he then experienced was the real reason of his resigning his position on Washington's staff shortly afterwards. The extreme triviality of the ostensible grounds of this proceeding certainly confirms this opinion. Washington found fault with Hamilton, using a rather sharp expression, for keeping him waiting for a minute or two; and Hamilton thereupon immediately resigned his position, and could not be persuaded even to receive the explanation which Washington was willing to give. During the remainder of the war Hamilton served as a colonel in the army, and in that capacity distinguished himself greatly, especially at the siege of Yorktown, where he was the first man who entered the redoubt the capture of which led to the capitulation of Cornwallis.

On the conclusion of the war, and at the age of twenty-five, Hamilton betook himself to the profession of the law. He practised at New York, then a place of only 25,000 inhabitants, and rose to eminence in his profession. He did not, however, neglect politics. On the close of the war, the Confederation fell into such confusion that it was nearly dissolved. Congress, as it was then constituted, could do no important act except with the consent of nine States, and the taxes necessary for carrying out Federal objects were raised and levied by the State Legislatures, and not by the central Government. In short, Congress had no power, or none worth speaking of. This was practically felt so deeply that little interest seems to have been taken in its proceedings. When Washington formally resigned the power he had enjoyed during the war, the representatives of seven States only took part in the ceremony; and when the Treaty of Peace with England was ratified, three-and-twenty members only were present, and it was many weeks before the attendance of even that small number could be secured. For several years the credit of the Confederation continued to sink, and it appeared likely to be altogether dissolved. Hamilton, however, by writing and speaking, called public attention to the subject; and after himself devising the scheme of a Constitution which he hoped would give national strength and unity to the States, he took a leading part in the debates in the Philadelphia Convention that at last agreed upon the Constitution which became the supreme law of the United States, and which Mr. Lincoln and others are now doing their best to explain according to their own views. The Convention sat through the summer of 1787, and by the middle of 1788 the Constitution was ratified by eleven States. Delaware adopted it in December 1787, and New York in July 1788. North Carolina and Rhode Island withheld their assent for a considerable time. The matter was hotly debated in New York, and at one moment that great State seems to have been inclined to try the experiment of setting up for itself. Virginia also showed extreme reluctance to come in. Indeed, in all the important States, the difficulties to overcome appear to have been extremely formidable.

Hamilton's original wish was to make the Constitution resemble the British Constitution as nearly as circumstances would permit. He would have reduced the separate States to the position of local governments, and have vested sovereign power in all respects in Congress. He wished the President to hold office for life, and to be removable only on impeachment by two-thirds of the Legislature, and the Senators to hold office during good behaviour, and to be removable only on legal conviction of some legal offence. To this great power he would have given absolute control over the whole population of the Union for all purposes. Every one knows how different was the result actually obtained. Hamilton, however, and the other members of the Convention agreed to sink their differences, to recommend the Constitution unanimously to the nation at large, and to do all in their power to get the different States to accept it. The slowness with which it was accepted shows how great were the difficulties of this enterprise. They were overcome to a great extent by the aid of the public press. Hamilton took a leading share in this, and explained and advocated his principles in a series of essays, collected under the title of the *Federalist*, which we hope before long to notice independently. It has certainly happened but seldom in the history of the world to a man of thirty to take so prominent a part in affairs of such importance. Mr. Riethmüller, not without justice, compares Hamilton with the younger Pitt, and the comparison is not without foundation. As soon as the Constitution was adopted, it had to be got into working order, and Washington was unanimously elected President. He appointed Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury. In that position Hamilton managed, though not without great difficulty, to prevail on Congress to fund the whole of the debts incurred in obtaining independence, whether the money was originally borrowed by the Confederacy or by the separate States, and without distinguishing, as many of his contemporaries wished to do, between the original lenders and those who had purchased obligations from others.

Jefferson was Secretary of State in Washington's first Cabinet, and was the head of the Republican, as Hamilton was the head of the Federalist, party. When the French Revolution broke out, the opposition between their views became at once manifest. Jefferson eagerly sympathized with the French, and strove to promote their interests in every way in his power. He was the great patron of the French envoy Genet, whose extravagant antics—they deserve no better name—nearly

involved the United States in war with England, and ended in the most outrageous violations of American neutrality and sovereignty. Amongst the many instances which history affords of a sort of irony in the current of human affairs, few are so well marked as that which is supplied by the end of Genet's career. After repeated acts of monstrous insolence he was at length recalled, on the remonstrances of the United States. He knew his own country too well to return to it, and preferred a quiet life as an American citizen in the land which he had insulted to a more or less glorious martyrdom in the streets of Paris.

Besides protecting and favouring Genet, Jefferson appears to have organized all sorts of ferocious attacks in the public papers on Hamilton. These attacks went so far as to give garbled extracts of letters which appeared to imply official fraud, but which, on their full publication, turned out to involve nothing more than private immorality. Hamilton, though married, had a mistress, and his enemies had the brutality to force him to make this fact public in order to clear his official character. In the year 1795 Hamilton retired from office at the age of thirty-eight. He was disgusted with the treatment he had received, and was besides obliged to do something to provide for his family, who had been much neglected by his attention to public affairs. He continued, however, to advise the President, and to take a leading though a private part in politics. In 1798 the excessive insolence of the French Government brought the country to the brink of war, and the army was called out and reorganized. Washington was to be Commander-in-chief, and he nominated Hamilton as his second in command. Hamilton distinguished himself by his exertions in this capacity, but the quarrel with France was settled, and his active services were not required. This was the last of his public employments. He continued, however, for several years to direct the policy of the Federalist party, and to write on public questions.

It was in the course of these avocations that he provoked the enmity which brought his life to a tragical end. There was at New York a contemporary of Hamilton's whose career, alike in the revolutionary war, at the bar, and in politics, had run parallel to his own. This was Aaron Burr, a man whose life would afford an admirable subject for an historical romance. He was the grandson of the well-known theologian Jonathan Edwards, and the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was himself originally intended for the same profession. It seems probable, from his course of life, that he supplied one of the many instances in which the inhuman ferocity of extreme Calvinism has driven a powerful mind and a courageous temper into downright atheism. His whole career was marked by selfish ambition, no less than by extraordinary ability, and he was as immoral in private as in public life. At an early stage of his career, when they were both beginning to practise at the New York bar, Hamilton was disgusted with him, and Burr seems to have resented his aversion deeply. In the course of his various public employments Hamilton repeatedly crossed Burr's path, and inflicted on him defeat after defeat. At last Burr was chosen Vice-President, but was shortly after forced, principally by Hamilton's interest, in the attempt to become Governor of the State of New York. Burr could not forgive this. With deadly malignity he contrived to fix on Hamilton a personal quarrel for which there was no real ground whatever. At the age of forty-seven, being one of the most important men in the State of New York, and the father of a family of seven children scantily provided for, Hamilton considered himself compelled to go out and fight. He solemnly recorded his conviction that he was doing an act wrong in the eyes of God and man, wrong towards his family and wrong towards his creditors, but he said he must do it, and this though his eldest son—a youth of twenty—had just before lost his life in the same way. He also recorded his resolution not to fire at Burr, at least not the first time. Burr shot him at the first fire, and Hamilton's pistol went off as he fell. He died two days afterwards. The rest of Burr's life was a continual romance. He attempted to set up a Western kingdom in the Valley of the Mississippi, was tried for treason and acquitted, and passed the rest of his life down to extreme old age in wandering over Europe.

The moral which Mr. Riethmüller constantly presses upon his readers is the degeneracy of American public men, and the fatal character of the democratic envy which has made them degenerate. Hamilton, he says, was the earliest victim of that indecent ferocity which, gradually increasing, has at last driven from political life in America all the men of highly cultivated minds, and made politics the profession of the worst part of the community. There is no doubt a good deal of truth in this, though it wants much additional explanation. One remarkable question is, how there came to be so many considerable men amongst the Americans at the time of the Revolution? The aristocratic constitution of some of the States, especially of Virginia, may have had something to do with it. Washington was a country gentleman. So was Jefferson, though he was the first founder of American democracy. But Hamilton, though a model of gentlemanly feeling and refinement of thought, did not owe these things to his circumstances. He began life at twelve, as a merchant's clerk, in the poorest circumstances. Franklin was a printer, and John Adams a Boston lawyer. Burr, who was in intellect far superior to any man brought forward by the present struggle, was a minister's son. These men and others, such as Jay and Randolph, displayed a degree of wisdom, moderation, and statesmanship which has hardly ever been equalled in the management of the affairs of any nation. Any one who knows what our colonies are may form some notion of the difficulty of the task which they performed by

supposing himself charged with the duty of moulding into one homogeneous nation the communities which in the present day are scattered over Australia. Would any English statesman even think of such an undertaking? Yet these men actually accomplished it on a far larger scale, and in the face of much greater difficulties, and the work of their hands endured, with little serious difficulty and with gigantic effects, for more than seventy years. Even now, the framework which they set up has proved strong enough to withstand, more or less successfully, a strain of unparalleled violence, and to affect in the most powerful manner—how far for good, and how far for evil, no man living can even conjecture—the fortunes of an important section of the human race. It is a wonderful spectacle, and the great actors in it deserve, if ever men did, to be carefully studied and to have their work authentically described. Mr. Riethmüller has introduced Hamilton to Englishmen, and he has done so gracefully and pleasantly, but he only excites a curiosity towards satisfying which no living author has done anything material. How came the great American Union into existence? why has it done so much, and why has it done no more? what does it teach as to the powers, and lead us to conjecture as to the destiny, of the richest, the most energetic, and the youngest member of the great family of nations? To be alive to the depth, interest, and difficulty of such questions is the next best thing to knowing the solution of them.

COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.*

MYTHOLOGY is for many reasons one of the most difficult subjects to teach at school. It is absolutely necessary that a boy learning Greek and Latin should have a general acquaintance with the gods and heroes who are constantly referred to by poets and orators; nay, the education of young ladies is not considered complete without a course of classical mythology. But how are the extraordinary stories of the births, marriages, and deaths of the gods to be related to boys and girls? It is difficult enough to understand how a Greek mother managed to get through her catechism, when instructing her children in the sacred legends of Jupiter and other gods and goddesses; but it is quite clear that in our times, and with our ideas of what it is good for children to know and not to know, there is hardly a single book on classical mythology that a teacher would like to put into the hands of his pupils. To leave out everything that is objectionable in ancient traditions would destroy the very character of the Greek gods, and would only increase the difficulty of understanding the various influences for good and evil which the ancient mythology of the Greeks and Romans exercised on their moral, political, and literary character. Nor would a dry abstract of names and genealogies satisfy the requirements of our schools. A boy ought to have a clear idea of the nature of the gods, and of the kind of worship paid to them by men like Æschylus, Pericles, and Plato. He must be brought to feel something of the charm which the legends of gods and heroes exercised on the early Greeks and Romans, and be enabled to perceive something of the truth, the beauty, and the wisdom which the most cultivated among the people of antiquity were able to discover in their sacred myths.

It was evidently with a strong sense of all these difficulties, and with a strong purpose, if possible, to overcome them, that Mr. Cox wrote his *Tales from Greek Mythology*, and his *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*. Both books have been eminently successful, and it was only to be regretted that they gave fragments merely, and not the whole of Greek Mythology. A new volume, however, of *Tales of Thebes and Argos*, just published, removes part of this defect, and holds out a hope that, in the course of time, we shall receive from Mr. Cox all the principal cycles of Grecian fable, told in a poetical, thoughtful, and scholar-like manner. A boy who reads these tales will have a much truer notion of what a Greek of Argos knew of the legends of his country than he could possibly derive from a study of those comprehensive Manuals of Greek Mythology which tell us everything that at any time, in any place, was believed by any priest, philosopher, poet, statesman, cicerone, or old gossip of Greece. No single Greek could ever have heard one half of the mythological names and epithets that a poor school-boy is now-a-days expected to carry in his head. Even those who knew Homer by heart would not necessarily have been acquainted with the legends of Prometheus and Deucalion, or have known much more than the names of Demeter, Dionysos, Hades, and the Muses. Mythology grew up piecemeal, it clung to different localities, it varied from age to age, and we might as well expect to find all the plants of a *Hortus sicus* flourishing together in England, as suppose that all the myths which were collected by ancient and modern mythographers had sprung up or been kept alive together in any single town or state of Greece. How Greek Mythology may be dissected, ticketed, reduced to a mere skeleton, can be seen in such works as Gerhard's *Griechische Mythologie*—one of the worst books, we should think, from which to derive a living idea of what a Greek believed about his gods and heroes, though no doubt a book highly creditable to the author's indefatigable industry. A more complete account of Greek Mythology than could be given by Mr. Cox consistently with the object of his volumes is no doubt wanted, and a good translation of Welcker's *Griechische Götterlehre* would be a welcome addition to the library of every scholar. But for

the benefit of beginners, for the learners of both sexes, it will be difficult to suggest anything more to the purpose than Mr. Cox's *Tales*, and we hope and trust that the present volume is not to be considered as a final instalment.

We are afraid we have dwelt almost too long on the merely popular and practical side of Mr. Cox's publications in Greek Mythology. As in his volume of *Tales of Gods and Heroes*, Mr. Cox in his new volume of *Tales of Thebes and Argos* has again given us a most valuable introduction, in which he discusses the various opinions on the origin of myths. That problem is a very old problem, yet, unless we are much deceived, the only true solution of the problem is but of yesterday. The key to the Greek fables was not to be found in Greece; it lay hidden in the ancient literature of India, in the songs of the Veda; and the science of Comparative Mythology, following in the track of the science of Language, has brought to light a theogony far more ancient than the theogony of Homer and Hesiod. Mr. Cox, in his two introductions, has given a very full and fair account of the results that have hitherto been attained in this new domain of scholarship, and, in order to give an idea of the treatment to which he subjects the myths of Homer, we shall take one instance out of many—his analysis of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury. By way of preface, we shall only remark that *Hermes*, or *Hermeias*, has been identified by Dr. Kuhn of Berlin with the Vedic *Saramēya*, the wind, as he supposes, represented under the form of a dog. What Mr. Cox quotes from Dr. Mommsen's *History of Rome* is all wrong. *Saramēya* no doubt may mean descendant of *Saramā*; but there is no authority whatever for saying that this divine greyhound *Saramā* (she is never called a hound in the Veda), who guards for the lord of heaven the golden herd of stars and sunbeams (she guards nothing), and for him collects the nourishing rain-clouds of heaven to the milking (no, she only discovers the cows when stolen), and who, moreover, faithfully conducts the pious dead into the world of the blessed (*Saramā* is never said to do so, nor even *Saramēya*), becomes in the hands of the Greeks the son of *Saramā*, *Saramēyas* or *Hermeias* (*Saramā* never becomes her own son).

We now give Mr. Cox's story of *Hermes*—a kind of analysis of the Homeric hymn:—

The babe leaves the cradle before he is an hour old. The breath of the breeze is soft and harmonious at first, as the sounds which he summons from his tortoise-lyre. But his strength grows rapidly; with mighty strides he hastens from the heights of Kyllēnē, until he drives from their pastures the cattle of Apollo, obliterating the foot-tracks after the fashion of the autumn winds, which cover the roads with leaves and mire. In his course he sees an old man working in his vineyard, and, like a catspaw on the surface of the sea, he whispers in his ear a warning of which but half the sound is caught before the breeze has passed away. All the night long the wind roared, or, as the poet says, *Hermes* soiled, till the branches of the trees, rubbing against each other, burst into a flame; and so men praise *Hermes* as the giver of the kindest boon—fire. The flames, fanned by the wind, consume the sacrifice; but *Hermes* (the wind), though hungry, tastes not of it; and when the morning has come he returns to his mother's cave, and, in the words of the poet, passes through the keyhole like the sigh of a summer breeze, or mist on a hill-side. The wind is tired of blowing, or, in other words, the feet of *Hermes* patter almost noiselessly over the floor, till he lies down to sleep in his cradle, which he had left but a few hours before. The sun rises, and finds to his discomfiture that the herds are gone. He too sees the hedger of Onchestos, who thinks, but is not sure, that he had seen a babe driving the cows before him. The sun hastens on his way, sorely perplexed at the confused foot-tracks, covered with mud and strewn with leaves, just as if the oaks had taken to walking on their heads. But when he charges the child with the theft, the defence is grounded on his tender age. Can the breeze of a day old, breathing as softly as a babe new born, be guilty of so much mischief? Its proper home is the summer land—why should it stride wantonly over bleak hills and bare heaths? But, with an instinct singularly true, *Hermes* is represented as closing his defence with a long whistle, which sounds very much like mockery and tends perhaps to heighten the scepticism of Apollo. The latter seizes the child, but a loud blast makes him suddenly let go; and the child, once again quiet, complains of unkind treatment, and appeals to his father (the sky). Zeus refuses to accept his plea of infancy; but when *Hermes* brings back the cows, the suspicions of Apollo are again roused, and, dreading his angry looks, the child strikes his tortoise-lyre, and wakes sounds so soft and tender that the hardest-hearted man cannot choose but listen. Never on the heights of Olympus, where winds perhaps blow strong, as they commonly do on mountain summits, had Phœbus heard a strain so soothing. Like the pleasant murmur of a breeze in the palm groves of the South, it filled his heart with a strange yearning, carrying him back to the days when the world was young and all the bright gods kept holiday, and he longed for the glorious gift of music which made the life of *Hermes* a joy on the earth. His prayer is at once granted. The wind grudges not his music to the sun; he seeks only to know the secrets which his own eyes cannot penetrate, for Phœbus sits in the high heaven by the side of Zeus, knowing the inmost mind of his father, and his keen glance can pierce the depths of the green sea. This wisdom the sun may not impart. *Hermes* cannot rise to the height of heaven, but there are other honours in store for him, many and great. He shall be the guardian of the herds of heaven; his song shall cheer the sons of men and lessen the sum of their suffering; his breath shall waft the dead to the world unseen; and when he wills he may get wisdom by holding converse with the hoary Thrice far down in the clefts of Parnassus. The compact is ratified by the oath of *Hermes* that he will do no hurt to the shrine of Apollo, who declares that he loves nothing so well as the fresh breeze of heaven. True to the last to the spirit of the myth, the poet adds that his friendship for man is not equal to his love for the sun. *Hermes* has a way of doing men mischief while they are asleep.

Thus, says Mr. Cox, has the Greek bard expanded into a coherent poem a myth of which the germ had long lain beneath a few scattered phrases which in India told of *Saramā* and *Saramēya*. But who was *Saramā*? What is the original meaning of *Saramā*? what is the earliest conception of the deity invoked by that name? Professor Kuhn, who was the first to analyse the meaning and character of *Saramā*, arrived at the conclusion that *Saramā* meant storm, and that the Sanskrit word was identical with the Teutonic *sturm*, and with the Greek *εἶπυς*. No doubt

* *Tales of Thebes and Argos*. By the Rev. G. W. Cox. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

the root of *Saramā* is *sar*, to go, but its derivation is by no means clear, there being no other word in Sanskrit formed by *ama* and with *gama* of the radical vowel. But admitting that *Saramā* meant originally the runner, does it follow that the runner was meant for storm? It is true that *Saranyū*, which is derived from the same root, takes in later Sanskrit the meaning of wind and cloud, but it has never been proved that it had these meanings in the Veda. The wind, whether as *vāta*, *vāyu*, *marut*, *pavana*, *anila*, &c., is always conceived as a masculine in Sanskrit, and the same remark applies generally to the other Aryan languages. This, however, would be no insurmountable objection, if there were clear traces in the Veda of *Saramā* being endowed with any of the characteristic qualities of the wind. But, if we compare the passages in which she is mentioned with others in which the power of the storm is described, we find no similarity whatever. It is said of *Saramā* that she espied the strong stable of the cows (I. 72, 8), that she discovered the cleft of the rock, that she went a long journey, that she was the first to hear the lowing of the cows, and, perhaps, that she led them out (III. 31, 6). She did this at the instance of *Indra* and the *Angiras* (I. 62, 3). *Bṛihaspati* (I. 62, 3) or *Indra* (IV. 16, 8) split the rock and secured the cows, which cows are said to give food to the children of man (I. 62, 3; 72, 8); perhaps, to the offspring of *Saramā* herself (I. 62, 3). *Saramā* appears in time before *Indra* (IV. 16, 8), and she walks on the right path (IV. 45, 7 and 8). This is about all that can be learned from the Rig-Veda about *Saramā*, with the exception of a hymn in the last book, which contains a dialogue between her and the *Paṇis* who had carried off the cows. The following is a translation of that hymn:—

X. 108. The *Paṇis* said: With what intention did *Saramā* reach this place? for the way is far and winds tortuously away. What was your wish with us? How was the night? How did you cross the waters of the *Rasā*? 1.

Saramā said: I came, sent as the messenger of *Indra*, desiring, O *Paṇis*, your great treasures; this preserved me from the fear of crossing, and thus I crossed the waters of the *Rasā*. 2.

The *Paṇis*: What kind of man is *Indra*, O *Saramā*; what is his look, he as whose messenger thou camest from afar? Let him come hither and we will make friends with him, and then he may be the cowherd of our cows. 3. *Saramā*: I do not know that he is to be subdued, for it is he himself that subdues, he as whose messenger I came hither from afar. Deep streams do not overwhelm him; you, *Paṇis*, will lie prostrate, killed by *Indra*. 4.

The *Paṇis*: Those cows, O *Saramā*, which thou desirest, fly about the ends of the sky, O darling. Who would give up them to thee without fighting? for our weapons too are sharp. 5.

Saramā: May your words be unwelcome, may your useless bodies be not worth an arrow; let your way be hard to go;—*Bṛihaspati* will not bless you for either. 6.

The *Paṇis*: That store, O *Saramā*, is fastened to the rock; furnished with cows, horses, and treasures. *Paṇis* watch it who are good watchers; thou art come in vain to this bright place. 7.

Saramā: Let the *Rishis* come here, fired with *Soma*, *Ayāsa* (*Indra*), and the ninefold *Angiras*, they will divide this stable of cows; then the *Paṇis* will vomit out this speech (i.e. will be sorry for this speech). 8.

The *Paṇis*: Even thus, O *Saramā*, thou art come hither driven by the violence of the gods; let us make thee our sister, do not go away again; we will give thee part of the cows, O darling. 9.

Saramā: I know nothing of brotherhood or sisterhood, *Indra* knows it and the awful *Angiras*. They seemed to me anxious for their cows when I came; therefore get away from here, O *Paṇis*, far away. 10.

Go far away, *Paṇis*, far away; let the cows come out straight; the cows which *Bṛihaspati* found hid away, *Soma*, the stones (of the altar), and the wise *Rishis*. 11.

In none of these passages is there the slightest indication of *Saramā* being the representative of a storm, nor do the explanations of Indian commentators, which have next to be considered, point at all in that direction.

Sāyana, in his commentary on the Rig-Veda (I. 6, 5), tells the story of *Saramā* most simply. The cows, he says, were carried off by the *Paṇis* from the world of the gods and thrown into darkness; *Indra*, together with the *Maruts* or storms, conquered them. In the *Anukramanikā*, the index to the Rigveda-sanhitā (X. 108), the story is related in fuller detail. It is there said that the cows were hidden by the demons, the *Paṇis*; that *Indra* sent the dog of the gods, *Saramā*, to look for the cows; and that a parley took place between her and the *Paṇis*, which forms the 108th hymn of the last book of the Rig-Veda. Further additions to the story are to be found in *Sāyana's* commentary to III. 31, 5. The cows are there called the property of the *Angiras*, and it was at their instance that *Indra* sent the dog, and then, being apprised of their hiding-place, brought them back to the *Angiras*. So at least says the commentator, while the text of the hymn represents the seven sages, the *Angiras*, as taking themselves a more active part in effecting the breach in the mountain. Again, in his commentary on Rv. X. 108, *Sāyana* adds that the cows belonged to *Bṛihaspati*, the chief priest of *Indra*; that they were stolen by the *Paṇis*, the people of *Vala*; and that *Indra*, at *Bṛihaspati's* instance, sent the dog *Saramā*. The dog after crossing a river came to the town of *Vala*, and saw the cows in a secret place; whereupon the *Paṇis* tried to coax her to stay with them.

As we read the hymn in the text of the Rig-Veda, the parley between *Saramā* and the *Paṇis* would seem to have ended with *Saramā* warning the robbers to flee before the wrath of *Indra*, *Bṛihaspati*, and the *Angiras*. But in the *Bṛihaddevatā* a new trait is added. It is there said that, although *Saramā* declined to divide the booty with the *Paṇis*, she asked them for a drink of milk. After having drunk the milk, she recrossed the *Rasā*; and, when she was asked after the cows by *Indra*, she denied having seen them. *Indra* thereupon kicked her with his foot, and she vomited the milk, and ran back to the *Paṇis*. *Indra* followed her, killed the demons, and recovered the cows. This faithlessness of *Saramā* is not alluded

to in the hymn; and in another passage, where it is said that *Saramā* found food for her offspring (Rv. I. 62, 3), *Sāyana* merely states that *Saramā*, before going to look for the cows, made a bargain with *Indra* that her young should receive milk and other food, and then proceeded on her journey.

This being nearly the whole evidence on which we must form our opinion of the original conception of *Saramā*, there can be little doubt that she was meant for the early Dawn, and not for the storm. In the ancient hymns of the Rig-Veda she is never spoken of as a dog, nor can we find there the slightest allusion to her canine nature. This is evidently a later thought, and it is high time that this much talked-of greyhound should be driven out of the Vedic Pantheon. There are but few epithets of *Saramā* from which we might form a guess as to her character. She is called *supadi*, having good feet, or quick, an adjective which never occurs again in the Rig-Veda. The second epithet, however, which is applied to her, *subhagā*, fortunate, beloved, is one she shares in common with the Dawn, nay, which is almost a stereotyped epithet of the Dawn.

But more than this. Of whom is it so constantly said, as of *Saramā*, that she appears before *Indra*—that *Indra* follows her? It is *Ushas*, the Dawn, who wakes first (I. 123, 2), who comes first to the morning prayers (I. 123, 2). The Sun follows her behind, as a man follows a woman (I. 115, 2). Of whom is it said, as of *Saramā*, that she brings to light the precious things hidden in darkness? It is *Ushas*, the Dawn, who reveals the bright treasures that were covered by the gloom (I. 123, 6). She crosses the waters unhurt (VI. 67, 4), she lays open the ends of heaven (I. 92, 11), those very ends where, as the *Paṇis* said, the cows were to be found. It is she who, like *Saramā*, distributes wealth among the sons of man (I. 92, 3; 123, 3). She possesses the cows (I. 123, 12, &c.). She is called the mother of the cows (IV. 52, 2); she is said to produce the cows and to bring light (I. 124, 5); she is asked to open the doors of heaven, and to bestow on man wealth of cows (I. 48, 15). The *Angiras*, we read, asked her for the cows (VI. 65, 5), and the doors of the dark stable were opened by her (IV. 51, 2). In one place her splendour is said to be spreading as if she were driving forth cattle (I. 92, 12). Again, as it was said of *Saramā*, that she follows the right path, the path which all the heavenly powers are ordained to follow, so it is particularly said of the Dawn that she walks in the right way (I. 124, 3; 113, 12). Nay, even the *Paṇis*, to whom *Saramā* was sent to claim the cows, are mentioned together with *Ushas*, the Dawn. She is asked to wake those who worship the gods, but not to wake the *Paṇis* (I. 124, 10.) In another passage (IV. 51, 3) it is said that the *Paṇis* ought to sleep in the midst of darkness while the Dawn rises to bring treasures for man.

It is more than probable, therefore, that *Saramā* was but one of the many names of the Dawn; it is almost certain that the idea of storm never entered into the conception of her. The myth of which we have collected the fragments is clear enough. It is a reproduction of the old story of the break of day. The bright cows, the rays of the sun or the rain-clouds—for both go by the same name—have been stolen by the powers of darkness, by the night and her manifold progeny. Gods and men are anxious for their return. But where are they to be found? They are hidden in a dark and strong stable, or scattered along the ends of the sky, and the robbers will not restore them. At last, in the farthest distance, the first signs of the Dawn appear; she peers about, and runs with lightning quickness across the darkness of the sky. She is looking for something, and, following the right path, she has found it. She has heard the lowing of the cows, and she returns to her starting-place with more intense splendour. After her return, there rises *Indra*, the god of light, ready to do battle in good earnest against the gloomy powers, to break open the strong stable in which the bright cows were kept, and to bring light, and strength, and life back to his pious worshippers. This is the simple myth of *Saramā*, composed originally of a few fragments of ancient speech, such as—"the *Paṇis* stole the cows," i.e. the light of day is gone; "*Saramā* looks for the cows," i.e. the Dawn is spreading; "*Indra* has burst the dark stable," i.e. the sun has risen.

All these, however, are sayings or proverbs peculiar to India, and no trace of *Saramā* has yet been discovered in the mythological phraseology of other nations. But let us suppose that the Greeks said, "*Saramā* herself has been carried away by *Paṇi*, but the gods will destroy her hiding-place, and bring her back;" this, too, would originally have meant no more than the Dawn that disappears in the morning will come back in the gloaming, or with the light of the next day. The idea that *Paṇi* wished to seduce *Saramā* from her allegiance to *Indra* may be discovered in the 9th verse of the Vedic Dialogue, though in India it does not seem to have given rise to any further myths. But many a myth that only germinates in the Veda may be seen breaking forth in full bloom in Homer. If, then, we may be allowed a guess, we should recognise in *Helena* the sister of the *Dioskouroi*, the Indian *Saramā*, their names being phonetically identical, not only in every consonant and vowel, but even in their accent. Apart from all mythological considerations, *Saramā* in Sanskrit is the same word as *Helena* in Greek, and unless we are prepared to ascribe such coincidences as *Dyau* and *Zeus*, *Varuna* and *Uranos*, *Sarbaras* and *Kerberos* to mere accident, we are bound to trace *Saramā* and *Helena* back to some point from which both could have started in common. The Siege of Troy is but a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the

solar powers that every evening are robbed of their bright treasures in the West. That siege, in its original form, is the constant theme of the hymns of the Veda. *Saramā*, it is true, does not yield in the Veda to the temptations of *Pani*, yet the first indications of her faithlessness are there, and the equivocal character of the twilight which she represents would fully account for the further development of the Greek myth. In the *Iliad*, *Briséis*, the daughter of *Brises*, is among the first captives taken by the advancing army of the West. In the Veda, before the bright powers reconquer the light that had been stolen by *Pani*, they are said to have conquered the "offspring of *Brisaya*." And as the Sanskrit name *Pani* betrays the former presence of an *r*, *Paris* too might be identified with the robber who tempted *Saramā*. We lay no stress on Helen calling herself a dog (Il. vi. 344), but that the beautiful daughter of Zeus (*duhitā Diwah*), the sister of the *Dioskuroi*, was one of the many personifications of the Dawn we have never doubted. Whether she is carried off by Theseus or by Paris, she is always reconquered for her rightful husband; she meets him again at the setting of his life, or dies with him, pardoned and glorified. This is the burden of many a Dawn myth, and it is the burden of the story of Helen.

But who was *Sāramēya*? His name certainly approaches very near to *Hermeias*, and though the exact form corresponding to *Sāramēya* in Greek would be *Hērēmeias*, yet, in proper names, a slight anomaly like this may pass. Unfortunately, however, the Rig-Veda tells us even less of *Sāramēya* than of *Saramā*. It never distinctly calls him the son of *Saramā*, but allows us to take the name in its appellative sense—namely, connected with the dawn. If *Hermeias* is *Sāramēya*, it is but another instance of a mythological germ withering away in one country, and spreading most luxuriantly in another. *Dyaus* in the Veda is the mere shadow of a deity if compared with the Greek Zeus. *Varuna*, on the contrary, has assumed much greater proportions in India than *Uranos* in Greece, and the same applies to *Vritra* as compared with the Greek *Orthros*. But though we know so little about *Sāramēya* in the Veda, the little we know of him is certainly compatible with a rudimentary *Hermes*. As *Sāramēya* would be the son of the twilight, or, it may be, the fresh breeze of the dawn, so *Hermes* is born early in the morning, and called *ἥριος* (Hom. H. Merc. 17). As the Dawn in the Veda is brought by the bright *Harits*, so *Hermes* is called the leader of the *Charites* (ἡγεμὼν Χαρίτων). In the seventh book of the Rig-Veda (VII. 54, v. 54) we find a number of verses strung together, as it would seem, at random, to be used as magical formulas for sending people to sleep. The principal deity invoked is *Vāstoshpati*, which means lord or guardian of the house, a kind of *Lar*. In two of the verses, the being invoked, whatever it be, is called *Sāramēya*, and this *Sāramēya* is certainly addressed as a dog, the watchdog of the house. In the later Sanskrit also *Sāramēya* is said to mean dog. *Sāramēya*, if it is to be taken as a deity, would seem to have been a kind of tutelary deity, the peep of day conceived as a person, watching unseen at the doors of heaven during the night, and giving his first bark in the morning. The same morning deity would naturally have been supposed to watch over the houses of man. The verses addressed to him do not tell us much:—

Guardian of the house, destroyer of evil, who assumest all forms, be to us a helpful friend. 1.

When thou, bright *Sāramēya*, openest thy teeth, O red one! spears seem to glitter on thy jaws as thou swallowest. Sleep, sleep! 2.

Bark at the thief, *Sāramēya*, or at the robber, O restless one! Now thou barkest at the worshippers of *Indra*; why dost thou distress us? Sleep, sleep! 3.

It is doubtful whether the guardian of the house (*Vāstoshpati*) addressed in the first verse is intended to be addressed in the next verses; it is equally doubtful whether *Sāramēya* is to be taken as a proper name at all, or whether it simply means *ἥριος*, bright or speckled, like the dawn. But if *Sāramēya* is a proper name, and if he is meant for the guardian of the house, no doubt it is natural to compare him with the *Hermes propylaeos*, *prothyraeos*, and *pronaos*, and with the *Hermæ* in public places and private houses in Greece. Dr. Kuhn thinks that he can discover in *Sāramēya* the god of sleep, but in our hymn he would rather seem to be a disturber of sleep. Another coincidence might be pointed out. The guardian of the house is called a destroyer of evil, more particularly of illness, and the same power is sometimes ascribed to *Hermes* (Paus. ix. 22, 2).

We may admit, then, that *Hermes* and *Sāramēya* started from the same point, but their history diverged very early. *Sāramēya* hardly attained a definite personality; *Hermes* grew into one of the principal gods of Greece. While *Saramā* in India stands on the threshold that separates the gods of light from the gods of darkness, carrying messages from one to the other, and inclining sometimes to the one, sometimes to the other, *Hermes*, the god of the twilight, betrays his equivocal nature by stealing, though only in fun, the herds of Apollo, but restoring them without the violent combat that is waged in India between *Indra*, the bright god, and *Vala*, the robber. In India the Dawn brings the light; in Greece the Twilight is supposed to have stolen or to hold back the light; but *Hermes*, the twilight, surrenders the booty when challenged by the sun-god Apollo. Afterwards the fancy of Greek poets takes free flight, and out of common clay gradually models a divine image. But even in the *Hermes* of Homer and other poets we can frequently discover the original traits of *Sāramēya*, if we take that word in the sense of twilight, and look on *Hermes* as a male representative of the light of the

morning. He loves *Hērē*, the dew, and *Aglauros*; among his sons is *Kephalos*, the head of the day. He is the herald of the gods; so is the twilight, so is *Saramā*, the messenger of *Indra*. He is the spy of the night (*νυκτὸς ἀπαρηγόρητος*); he sends sleep and dreams, and the bird of the morning, the cock, stands by his side. Lastly, he is the guide of travellers, and particularly of the souls who travel on their last journey; he is the *Psychopompos*. And here he meets again, to some extent, with the Vedic *Sāramēya*. The Vedic poets have imagined two dogs belonging to *Yama*, the lord of the departed spirits. They are called the messengers of *Yama*, bloodthirsty, broad-snouted, brown, four-eyed, pale, and *sāramēya*, the dawn-children. The departed is told to pass them by on his way to the Fathers who are rejoicing with *Yama*; *Yama* himself is asked to protect the departed from these dogs; and finally the dogs themselves are implored to grant life to the living, and to let them see the sun again. These two dogs represent one of the lowest of the many mythic conceptions of morning and evening, or, as we should say, of time—time being the messenger of death as well as the giver of life. In Greece, *Hermes*, the grey twilight with its first breezes, was said to carry off the soul of the departed; in India, Morning and Evening, like two dogs, were fabled to watch for their prey, and to lay hold of those who could not reach the blessed abode of the Fathers. Greece, though she recognised *Hermes* as the guide of the souls of the departed, did not degrade him to the rank of the watchdog of Hades. These watchdogs, *Kerberos* and *Orthros*, represent, however, like the two dogs of *Yama*, the gloom of the morning and evening, here conceived as hostile and demoniacal powers. *Orthros* is the dark spirit that is to be fought by the sun in the morning, the well-known Sanskrit *Vritra*; but *Hermes*, too, is said to rise, *ἑρμῆος*, in the gloom of the morning. *Kerberos* is the darkness of night, to be fought by Hercules; the night herself being called *sarvari* in Sanskrit. *Hermes*, as well as *Kerberos*, is called *trikephalos*, with three heads, and so is *Trisiras*, the brother of *Saranyū*, another name of the Dawn.

We have selected this one instance, the myth of *Hermes*, out of many treated by Mr. Cox, in order to give an idea of the method which is applied by Comparative Philologists in the analysis of classical legends. That the germs of Greek, Roman, and German Mythology are to be found in the Veda admits no longer of any reasonable doubt, though nothing is easier than to cavil at the strange thoughts which find expression in ancient mythology, or to cry out against the monstrous prototypes assigned to the Olympian deities. But, on the other hand, it is but too true that Comparative Mythologists cannot be too exact in their quotations from the Veda, or too careful in their identifications of Greek and Sanskrit names. Comparative studies should always be in the highest degree discriminative, and it would frequently be more instructive to show how the gods of Homer differ from the gods of Vasishta, than to show how they resemble one another.

BAYARD.*

PETER TERRAIL, which we find to be the proper Christian name and surname of the famous Bayard, was one of the few men who hinder us from saying that the chivalrous character is a purely ideal one. History in general tempts us to cast away the whole notion of chivalry as mere delusion, and practically we are not wrong in doing so. As a system really influencing society, chivalry was utterly worthless, or, to speak more truly, it never existed at all. There was no time when chivalry, in any good sense of the word, was really a moving principle among men. The chivalry of Francis the First was consistent with public and private wickedness of every kind. In an earlier time, though we greatly reverence the Black Prince for his share in the Good Parliament, we cannot yield the same admiration to any of his chivalrous doings. It was all very well to be ostentatiously polite to a captive King, but it would have been better to have shown common humanity to the unresisting citizens of Limoges. Henry the Fifth was one of the first of generals and statesmen, and he had a far better diplomatic excuse for his aggression on France than people generally think. But of a chivalry which involves anything like mercy or generosity we shall find little trace in his actions. Most likely, indeed, we are wrong in looking at all for the realization of the chivalrous ideal among Kings, Princes, and great Generals, who are almost sure to be guided by quite other motives, good and bad. Chivalry, in any good sense, would seem to be the virtue of the inferior officer rather than of his commander. The idea of chivalry seems to include a certain recklessness of consequences, which may often be quite becoming in a subordinate captain, while it can never be the duty of a man who has to answer for the welfare of kingdoms or of armies. It is, therefore, very likely that the highest chivalrous ideal may have been more often realized than we fancy, because those whose lives we know most in detail generally belong to the classes among whom we are not to look for it. It is certain that we do find the chivalrous ideal in the best sense realized in the person of Bayard. On the other hand, the very fame of Bayard is perhaps a sign that his character was something quite exceptional. It is seldom that we know so much of a man who, though he spent all his life in warfare, never held any independent command. Our minute knowledge of him is indeed owing to a sort of accident—

* *Histoire de Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayart, dit le Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche*. Par Henri d'Audigier. Paris: Dupray de la Mahérie et C^{ie}. 1862.

to his having been made the subject of one of the most charming biographies ever written. But this is not all; not only his special biographers—for he met with more than one—but the general histories of the period fully bear witness to his fame in his own day. The younger son of a simple gentleman of Dauphiné, who never rose to lead anything that can be called an army, who never distinguished himself in any way beyond the sphere of his military calling, filled, by the mere force of his personal merits, a place in the minds of his contemporaries equal to that of great sovereigns and commanders of mighty armies. Bayard, in short, though neither a prince, nor a statesman, nor a general, drew the eyes of men upon him by realizing in flesh and blood a picture commonly confined to the pages of romance. In a cruel, faithless, and profligate age, Bayard was the ideal Knight, *le bon Chevalier sans Pitié et sans Reprouche*.

The Life of Bayard by his "*Loyal Serviteur*" is one of the most delightful books ever written. It is a charming specimen of what the good old French language and literature was before it was deformed by all the unnatural vagaries which we are often tempted to think are inherent in the tongue itself. The old French tongue is at once simple and vigorous, abounding in expressive phrases which have strangely dropped out of use, and utterly free from the abstractions, the antitheses, the short jerking sentences, by dint of which modern French is made so very clear as to be often quite unintelligible. The Life of Bayard shows us the language at the particular point where it can be read with most pleasure. The earliest French, like the earliest English or German, has to be hammered out with some trouble; it is always more or less of a philological lesson. But sixteenth-century French, allowing for an obsolete word now and then, can be read off with perfect ease, while it still retains all the vigour and richness of the ancient language. It may be said that, in preferring old French to new, we are simply sighing over an inevitable tendency of all language—that all languages change, and that, if we call all change corruption, we must speak of the corruption of English and of German no less than of French. This is doubtless true, but it should not be forgotten that any change for the worse in English or in German is almost always owing to some imitation of French. The strange words and misuses of words which are much too common in both languages can almost always be traced to a French origin. In German, a language which still keeps the power of making words at will, this is even more unpardonable than in English. But it seems odd that either tongue should have to draw on a language which willfully casts aside its own treasures. What is to be said for a tongue which, having such a word as *chevaucher*, thinks it finer to talk about *se promener à cheval*? So M. d'Audigier enlarges on Bayard's learning the art of "*équitation—équitation sans selle*." We suspect that young Peter himself would have thought that so hard a word as "*équitation*" meant something not canny, some black art unbefitting his character either as gentleman or as Christian. We do not want any people, French, English, or German, to stick in the nineteenth century to the exact language of the sixteenth. It is no good asking whether it is desirable, simply because it is impossible. But, with French books of the two dates open before us, we cannot help lamenting the difference; we cannot help seeing that most of the changes are for the worse, and that many of them are altogether wanton. All this is forcibly brought before us in comparing the old Life of Bayard with the Life of Bayard by M. d'Audigier. We do not exactly see what is M. d'Audigier's object in this book. It is not a critical biography, comparing the account given by the Loyal Servant with the notices of his hero to be found elsewhere. M. d'Audigier does little more than tell the story over again, chiefly, of course, after the Loyal Servant. Now, in making use of the Loyal Servant's matter, he sometimes incorporates it in his text, word for word, with all its archaisms of expression; sometimes, on the other hand, he translates, so to speak, the old French into new; sometimes we find both processes close together. The result is of course a strange jumble of two styles, or rather two languages. We do not get either the genuine Audigier or the genuine Loyal Servant, but a queer and not very pleasant mixture of the two.

Most of the striking anecdotes in the Life of Bayard are well known. Both the anecdotes and the general character of his life fully bear out his claim to be looked on as really carrying out the chivalrous ideal. Bravery in the field and courtesy to his equals were qualities which Bayard shared with nearly every other French gentleman. But his spotless loyalty, his unsullied good faith, his boundless liberality, his real clemency and humanity in victory, as distinguished from the mere ostentation of courtesy, were virtues which were all his own. No man who spent his life in war, and such war as was carried on in those days, ever so fully united all a soldier's virtues with so few of a soldier's vices. One could well have wished for him a nobler career than to spend his life in the unjust and selfish wars with which strangers devastated Italy. Of course Bayard, a simple Captain, is not to be blamed for wars whose guilt rests upon Kings and their advisers; but in such warfare nothing ennobling could be drawn from the cause itself. The true chivalry was on the side of the brave Republic of Venice, attacked by a conspiracy of Powers greater than herself. Venice had undoubtedly plenty of sins to answer for, but she had most certainly never sinned against most of those who combined to destroy her. But all the more honour to Bayard, who, in a war

which had nothing external to ennoble it, could ennoble his own share in it from the depths of his own noble nature, and could keep his own hands as clean as if he had fought at Morgarten or at Tüstedt. It is remarkable how little we see in Bayard of the offensive side of the gentleman of those days—of that brutal contempt for all below him which makes his overdone courtesy to his equals of very little moral value. The only approach to it which we remember is at the siege of Padua, when the Emperor-elect Maximilian wanted the French gentlemen to enter the breach on foot along with his *lanzknechts*. It was not reasonable, answered Bayard, to put so much nobility in danger and hazard along with shoemakers, smiths, and bakers. Yet he was quite ready that he and his fellows should go, if only the German gentlemen would come with them; in that case the gentlemen of both nations would enter the breach first, and the *lanzknechts* might come after them. There is a trace here of aristocratic assumption, and a certain lack of perfect military discipline; yet Bayard's proposal was perfectly fair; it was agreed to by the Emperor, and it was, after all, the cowardice or silly pride of the German gentlemen who refused to obey his orders which caused—happily for Venice and Italy—the assault to fail.

There is one other story which shows that the moral character of Bayard was not absolutely perfect, but which at the same time really redounds infinitely more to his honour than to his discredit. We mean the story of his wonderful continence and liberality after his illness at Grenoble, which may be found in the 55th chapter of the Loyal Servant and the 34th of M. d'Audigier. It is worth while comparing the two versions. The Loyal Servant tells the whole tale with Homeric straightforwardness, reminding one of the maternal counsel of Thetis to her mourning son. M. d'Audigier runs off into a vein of quasi-moralizing, which, in the way in which he puts it, is really the less edifying of the two. M. d'Audigier has also an unpleasant way of putting smart headings to his chapters, contrasting oddly enough with the business-like abstracts of the Loyal Servant. This particular chapter is headed, "*point de héros pour son valet de chambre*." We do not know whether Bayard was a hero in the eyes of the Bastard Cordon; he certainly was a hero in the eyes of the Loyal Servant.

If Bayard's conduct in this beautiful story shows that he was not absolutely perfect—that he was, as the Loyal Servant says, "*not a saint*"—it is still not the less a memorable example of self-control, and supplies a wonderful contrast to the doings of most of Bayard's contemporaries, Francis the First to start with. On the other hand, we see him in another character, which Francis would have been as little able to understand, when he finds his first love married to the lord of Fluxas. Let it stand in the original:—

Vous estes la dame en ce monde qui a premièrement conquis mon cœur à son service, par le moyen de vostre bonne grâce: je suis tout assuré que je n'en auray jamais que la bouche et les mains, car de vous requérir d'autre chose je perdrois ma peine: aussi, sur mon âme, j'aymerois mieulx mourir que vous presser de déshonneur.

The Loyal Servant's account of Bayard's death is exquisitely beautiful. It does not, however, include the rebuke said to have been given by the dying hero to the Constable of Bourbon. But it is given by Martin du Bellay, and, after him, by Brantôme. Arnoldus Ferronius gives it in a shorter form than usual:—

Semianimisque adhuc venienti Borbonio cumque consolanti, nihil aliud respondit quam, Sero et ubinam fides, Here?

So died a man worthy of a better age and a better cause. The editor of his life in Michaud and Poujolat's collection groups him with Tancred and Bertrand Duguesclin, as forming what he calls "*dans l'histoire moderne, comme la trinité de l'héroïsme*." One revolts at the comparison of Bayard with Duguesclin. Bayard at least never turned freebooter. And it is worth noting that none of the three was a Frenchman. Tancred was a Norman, Duguesclin a Breton, Bayard a countryman of our St. Hugh, a native of the old Burgundy. Even in his time the connexion of Dauphiné with its sister provinces was not quite severed; the young Bayard was first sent, not to the court of France, but to the court of Savoy. So when Bayard, like Pompey, was left without a tomb, it was rather a Dauphinesque than a French patriotism which wept over him so late as 1622. In the lines quoted by MM. Michaud and Poujolat from his commentator Espilly, he is spoken of as

*Bayard qui fit trembler l'Espagne et l'Italie,
Qui de son Dauphiné fut le lustre et l'orgueil.*

We doubt whether a modern Frenchman would have hit upon this provincial description.

THE TRIALS OF THE TREDGOLDS.*

A GREAT deal of amusement of a gentle kind has been afforded, for upwards of a generation, by the simple invention of the kaleidoscope. And not only has that ingenious toy been the means of producing a considerable amount of mild diversion to the simple-minded or the young, but it has been turned to profitable if not scientific account in the hands of a certain class of designers, who have found in it an easy and inexhaustible resource for elating out their scanty stock of imagination towards the production of textile fabrics such as carpets, tapestries, floor-cloths, and so forth. The saving of intellectual labour and capital has in this way been immense. None but the merest mechanical skill

* *The Trials of the Tredgolts*. By Dutton Cook. 3 vols. London: Low, Son, & Marston.

is, of course, necessary for adapting the patterns or combinations thus obtained to the exigencies of the canvas or the loom. For the artistic value of products of this peculiar stamp we have not certainly much to say. Still, so long as the public thirst for productions of a minor kind of merit continues insatiable, and more heed is given to the cheapness and abundance of the article in fashion than to its intrinsic quality or permanent value, we need not expect our so-called artists of a commonplace order to give up the use of an instrument so ready to the hand and so exhaustless in its combinations.

There are signs which would almost make us believe that some invention of this kind has come secretly into use in certain departments of literature. The success of such a process in what are somewhat pretentiously called art manufactures has doubtless suggested the possibility of its extension to a new and wider range of subjects. On no better hypothesis assuredly can we venture to account for the production of a particular class of article in the manufactory of fiction. Some of our popular novelists have apparently had the cleverness or the good fortune to hit upon a device not less serviceable than that of Sir David Brewster for the ready and inexhaustible reproduction of the elements of design. Whatever, at all events, may be the sort of instruments which have become necessary to meet the increasing difficulty of literary labour, and mitigate the pangs of intellectual travail—*obstetricare gravidam animam*, or, in the golden version of Bishop Taylor, to “help the parturient soul”—it has long been growing clearer and clearer that the natural resources of genius in this department have been drained well-nigh to depletion, and that the failing powers of the novelist have to be eked out by some kind or other of mechanical aid.

The last novel of Mr. Dutton Cook, the *Trials of the Tredgolds*, furnishes an instance of the kind of manufacture which seems to point to the secret employment of something of the nature of the kaleidoscope. There is nothing to be done but to keep that simple little instrument turning in the hand, in order to present to the eye a rapid and absolutely endless succession of pleasing combinations, without the necessity of throwing in a single particle of new material. No two of the patterns seem exactly the same, though it must be admitted that we soon begin to be aware of a certain similarity in the general effects or hues of the material that undergoes such swift and fantastical changes. And we have but to unscrew the eye-piece and lay bare the secrets of the interior in order to detect at once how extremely slight have been the means required for so many agreeable illusions, and what an immense way a few little bits of bright and glittering stuff can be made to go towards producing an apparently interminable variety of designs. Our novelists of the class now before us seem to have voted it impossible or unnecessary to pick up a new atom of material, to devise original characters, or to apply more subtle analyses to character. They have apparently betaken themselves with one accord to noting down, kaleidoscope in hand, the changes and combinations which can be effected by turning round the time-worn incidents and familiar personages, till we are amazed at the variety and the quickness with which they are made to succeed each other. Scarcely have we finished one sufficiently entertaining story—artistically made up of love, extravagance, bankruptcy, a muscular hero, a golden-haired beauty, a drunken father, and similar established lights of the modern popular novel, all blended into a complicated puzzle, the key to which is ingeniously kept in mystery till the close of the spectacle—when we are called upon to look with fresh wonder and admiration at another combination, in which we detect the greater part of the same well-known sparkling fragments, with a few others introduced which we are at once conscious of having seen elsewhere, and hardly care to find reproduced for the purposes of the present work of art.

The reader who retains a recollection of so late a production of Mr. Dutton Cook's pen as the tale of *Leo* will perceive that little more is required for such a composition as the *Trials of the Tredgolds* than a dexterous twist or inversion of the old materials. A new geometrical arrangement is all that has to be effected—a mere mechanical shuffle of the detached pieces—and a new mystification of course is the result. There is obviously no need of a single fresh bit of glass or odd scrap of tinsel. Every personage and every incident in the story may have done duty once and again. But what of that? Is not the kaleidoscope able to do all the rest, and is not the general effect novel and startling enough? When the sprawling pattern of the last new thing in carpets is so different from its predecessor, why complain that we have walked over each separate square of it again and again before? Some readers may even be expected to enjoy picking out the favourite bits that meet their eyes once more, as certain old-fashioned folks rejoice to recognise in our more fashionable kind of table ware the legless birds, airy bridges, or tailed figures of the antiquated willow pattern. Here we have Clare Gray, the leading young lady of the story—faithful to the familiar type, with the old “affluence of golden hair,” and the old animated kind of beauty, but equally devoid of any particular endowment or force of character—destined obviously, from the first page, to marry the impoverished hero, but plunged into despair by the opposition of the worldly-wise and scheming father, and nearly driven into the arms of the customary lover of higher degree—the lively little *roué*, this time the Hon. Clement Buckhurst. There is anything but novelty in the drawing of the Tredgolds, the titular heroes of the story. Both father and son are familiar specimens of the class which has of late been the rage in fiction—“brave and strong,” with “immense depth of chest,” and “a great tender heart,” and both

yearning to take muscular vengeance upon all and sundry the clever schemers and traitors who have put them through their “trials.” The father, Bryan Tredgold, has begun with being a clerk in the great mercantile house of Fordyce and Fordyce, together with another lad of no particular origin, Richard Gifford. Reversing the slower rule of the old days of Hogarth, the good apprentice is here the idle one, and comes to grief; the bad one is industrious, marries the master's daughter—with “fiery red hair and a bad temper,” it is true—and rises to be head of the house. From no more grievous reason than because he falls in love with, and ultimately marries, Gifford's cousin Ann, a poor governess, a most frightful plot is got up against the hapless Bryan. The defalcations of a senior clerk, William Moyle, are, by collusion between Moyle and Gifford, turned upon their innocent and careless companion. Marked money is found in his desk, and, despite his protestations of innocence, he is sentenced to a long period of transportation. A touch of the sensation proper to the popular drama of the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* is worked in here. On his return, however, after the expiration of his sentence, the first craving for vengeance is bravely met and suppressed. Believing his wife dead, he picks up his son Noel, who runs away from the school where he had been placed by Gifford under his mother's maiden name of Reeve, and the pair find employment upon some railway works in Wales. Bryan's “trials” are there ended by the fall of a bridge. Noel now learns for the first time the secret of his birth, his father having passed himself off, under the name of George Bryan, as a mere friend from Australia. Only at the last moment has the dying man learnt from John Moyle, an eccentric and miserly sculptor, once a rival lover of Ann Reeve, that his wife still lives, a hopeless lunatic. The task of vengeance now devolves upon Noel, but is somewhat complicated by his love for Clare Gray, Gifford's stepdaughter. It is unnecessary, however, after all, for retribution in a natural way overtakes the successful villain. Fordyce and Fordyce stop payment, and Gifford—ruined, denounced by his accomplices, and dying of heart-complaint—is lying insensible on his bed, when Noel, maddened by the last revelation of his mother's fate, finding her a corpse in the asylum, rushes, despite the tender remonstrances of Clare, to the bedside of the dying man. It is rather too much to expect us to recognise a sublime instance of Christian virtue when Noel gives up a scheme of revenge which, at this late stage of his enemy's fortunes, he might have found it difficult to gratify. His own “trials,” at all events, are now satisfactorily terminated:—

No more of the human longing to repay blow for blow, and wrong for wrong; the Paganism of revenge was ousted from his breast. In its stead there came to reign a Christian pity and forgiveness. Did duty to Bryan's memory demand there should be outrage of that poor suffering, scarce animate clay? that insult and vengeful triumph should ring in the dying's ear as he sinks into the grave? And that higher duty due to Heaven, the pardon for all our trespasses, as we in turn forgive the poor mortal trespasses against us?

This the man who had triumphed over Bryan Tredgold; who had so prospered in the world; had gained such wealth and good repute? Well, he was brought low enough now. Death was at work, levelling all distinctions between him and his fellows. Richard Gifford's bitterest enemy might stand now by the side of his sick bed, and his enmity would abate and end for ever.

With softened heart and tearful eyes, Noel Tredgold turned away. Noiselessly he left the room, Clare gently following him.

“Clare,” he said, “can you ever forgive me? He has, indeed, need of all that human love and tenderness can do for him. Love him; tend him; pity him; pray for him. God forbid that I should hinder you, even in thought.”

“My own Noel;” and she drew near to him with swimming eyes. “You are an angel, Clare. I shall never be worthy of your love. Pardon me all I have said, dearest—the cruel pain I have caused you. Can you pardon me, Clare? Can you love me still, in spite of all?”

In a moment she was half swooning in his arms, sobbing upon his breast, strained to his heart.

Herbert—Gifford's son by his first marriage, who is intended to marry Clare, the daughter of Mrs. Gifford by her former husband—and “Liz,” with whom he elopes, the daughter of the drunken William Moyle, are characters of no very original or remarkable stamp. A weaker Pendennis, writing sonnets to a pair of large eyes and a sweeping vulgar figure, the former has nothing in him to make up for the low scoundrelism into which he is led by Buckhurst—forging the acceptances of his father's firm, and breaking the pledge of honour he had given never to see or write to Liz again. She, on the other hand, has but the lying effrontery without the intellectual arts of Becky Sharp, and follows the same career of intrigue, divorce, and misery, without the genius which lent a sinister interest to her great prototype. Mr. Thackeray may be said to have left a still further lien upon Mr. Dutton Cook for the chief points in the portraiture of Colonel the Hon. Alfred Buckhurst, brother of the late Lord Beauflower—“a handsome, grand-featured, red-faced gentleman, with slightly bloodshot and very wicked-looking eyes, and a large, straggling, dyed moustache.” Nor is Mr. Dickens without claim to certain bits of character and incident which give some of its best effects to the composite picture before us, “Jemmy Stap,” the stunted but sharp and vivacious attorney's clerk—with Mr. Swiveller's dramatic flights of romance for the ladies and the “chaff” of Mr. Bailey junior for masculine antagonists—might pass for a fresh and happy conception with those who had been bred in simple ignorance of the masterpieces of English middle-class humour. The most original characters in the book are perhaps those of the odd little old sculptor, John Moyle—probably sketched from some living representative—and his dotting old father, Zachary, who passes his declining years at the kitchen

fireside, taking a lively and discriminating heed through the area gratings of the legs of callers at the door. There is some quaintness in the professional talk of this quondam market gardener, who sees in the mystery of "things being queer in the City" but an emblem of the contrariety of interests in vegetable culture. "When you want rain for the sparrowgrass, sure enough all the fruit wants sun; and while some things are thriving in the dry heat, there's others as is well nigh a-dying for wet weather. It's Fordyce & Fordyce's turn to be uncomfortable now." But when he goes on to fortify his case with the aphorism that "what's nice for Rooshier's none so pleasant for Prooshier," it may be thought that the phrase is none the fresher to the palate for having been previously rolled about long ago in the mouth of Mrs. Gamp. When, again, the Hon. Clement Buckhurst tries his hand at card-sharpping by way of mending his damaged fortunes, it is an odd coincidence that he exactly falls in with the peculiar invention of the clever "Greeks," Garcia and his accomplice, made familiar to us by recent Parisian scandal. Mr. Dutton Cook has given proofs enough of imaginative and descriptive power to make us regret that he should invest his reputation in the composition of a novel marked with so little invention, and made up by the mere mechanical art of shuffling and re-distributing such stale and second-hand materials.

ALEXANDER NECKAM.*

HAD Robert Southey been acquainted with Alexander Neckam's work *De Naturis Rerum*, he would have made out of its stories half-a-dozen ballads at the least, and enriched his Commonplace Book with many strange notions on natural, or rather preter-natural, history. It is a book likely to be very acceptable to those curious readers who find in the twilight of science as much entertainment as in its morning or meridian, and is well worth the careful editing bestowed upon it by Mr. Thomas Wright.

Science, as it descended to us from the Greeks, was drawn from very dissimilar sources. Democritus and Aristotle, Eratosthenes and Ptolemy, went to work much in the same fashion as the Lyells and Darwins of the present day. They were unwearied in observation and in collecting facts, and they advanced into the region of experiment as far as their imperfect means and appliances permitted. But there was another class of natural philosophers whose industry and curiosity were out of all proportion to their power for sifting and scrutinizing the laws and phenomena of nature. Palephatus, who wrote *De Incredibilibus*, is an example of this class among the Greeks, and Pliny and his abbeviator Solinus among the Romans, and from these and similar writers at least two-thirds of mediæval physics were composed. Unfortunately, the metaphysical and rhetorical writings of Aristotle were for many centuries more attractive than his physical works, and thus not only did the collectors of tales and hearsay become established authorities, but Aristotle himself, being confounded with them, came to be regarded as little better than a collector of old-wives' stories.

In the dark and middle ages, and even long afterwards, theology was accounted, as old Burton calls her, "the queen of sciences," and she was one of those potentates who bear no brother near the throne. Even in our own day, divines sometimes look askance at scientific inquirers whose conclusions disturb their preconceived notions. Perhaps this conservative instinct, so far as the interests of theology are affected, is not an unwholesome one. Alexander Neckam, and mediæval naturalists generally, are to modern writers on science what the alchemists were to the chemists of the present century. He was a truly learned man, after the learning of his time. In one respect, indeed, he was before his time, inasmuch as he displays no particular relish for the lore of its seraphical and angelical doctors. Among many idle tales he has preserved some curious facts; amid clouds of hypothesis he occasionally exhibits streaks of a really scientific mind. But his work is much more valuable to the historian than to the natural philosopher. He records, unconsciously indeed, many curious features of life and manners in the twelfth century. Even his explanations and theories of natural phenomena, often as they provoke a smile, illustrate current opinions; while his moral and religious interpretations of nature's text afford a striking example of the bondage of knowledge during those ages of faith still considered by some among us as so commendable and comfortable for all Christian people.

Robertson, and writers in the eighteenth century in general, underrated the learning of the dark and middle ages, as Dr. Maitland has abundantly proved. Neckam's treatise *De Naturis Rerum*, were further vouchers needed, confirms Dr. Maitland's views. Though he did not rate highly the scholastic philosophy, he was deeply versed in it, and his acquaintance with Latin literature far exceeds the average of the present time. Many of his Latin verses would not disgrace the *Fæsti* of Ovid. His Latin prose is far better than the harsh and crabbed idiom of Lobeck, Franke, and many distinguished German scholars. With the Roman poets Neckam displays his intimacy, not merely by frequent citations from Ovid, Martial, Juvenal, Lucan, Claudian, and Virgil, but also by interspersing in his prose their phrases and often imperfect or entire verses. That he had access

to well-furnished libraries is evident in nearly every one of his chapters; and that his curiosity was active, if not indeed insatiable, is shown by the mass of information he has collected. Apparently his opportunities for hiving knowledge with each studious year were very favourable. He speaks, indeed, of the instability of Court favour and the unhappy condition of suitors for it, of the tyranny of the great, spiritual or secular, and other vexations of the time; but he does not give us the notion of ever having been a particularly ill-used gentleman. Neckam, like Gower, of whom he is a kind of prosaic precursor, writes like one who was seldom, if at any moment, in doubt of his daily bread. There is about him an air of "retired leisure"—an air of one whose goings-out and comings-in were pretty much at his own disposal, of one whom no professional avocations debarred from "usque coemptos undique nobiles—libros," and whom no inexorable wolf at the gate troubled in the silence of the study. His apparent exemption from "the ills the scholar's life assail" was perhaps owing to his being foster-brother to no less a person than Richard Cœur de Lion. It seems that, "in the month of September 1157, there was born to the King at Windsor a son named Richard, and the same night was born Alexander Neckam at St. Alban's, whose mother gave suck to Richard with her right breast, and to Alexander with her left breast." Such an *alma mater* goes far to explain the independent and even brilliant position of the left-hand nursing in after-life. For Richard, though he "swore tornado oaths," drew the molars and incisors from Jews, and did other things not greatly to his credit, loved literature and learning, and doubtless took care that the foster-brother who had shared his milk should not lack strong meat as soon as and whenever it was good for him. After making great proficiency in the Abbey School of St. Alban's, he was appointed, still very young, Master of the school at Dunstable, a dependency of the second in rank of the great Abbeys of England. From Dunstable he went to the University of Paris, where he was a distinguished Professor in the year 1180, when he can have been no more than twenty-three years of age.

From Neckam's surname we learn two things—one that the Latin *qu* was pronounced in the twelfth century as *k*, and the other that Alexander was touchy. "After abandoning his school at Dunstable," Mr. Wright tells us, "he had formed a desire to enter one of the monastic orders, and he first turned his eyes to the great Benedictine establishment in his native town of St. Alban's." He applied to the Abbot in these words—*Si vis, veniam, sin autem, &c.* Unluckily the Abbot was a punster of the worst kind, inasmuch as he jested on personal names—a species of unseasonable wit that did Cicero mischief more than once, and would hardly have been condoned in Sydney Smith. This was the Lord Abbot's reply—*Si bonus es, venas; si nequam, nequaquam.* This skit cost him a monk, and one too that, from his relation to a king, might have done good to the house. Alexander, in high dudgeon, became an Augustinian monk at Cirencester, where, perhaps, there was a witless, or at least a more discreet, Abbot.

There was but one refuge for bookish men in the days when Alexander donned the cowl. In the secular world there was universal turmoil, and the few laymen, not being lawyers, who could sign their names to bond, quitance, or obligation, were viewed with suspicion as profane persons, if not quite wizards and sorcerers. The dwarf Gilpin Horner might well marvel at William of Deloraine's riding "like a book-bosomed priest," although for that matter the stark moss-trooper, so far from being able to decipher a single spell in Michael Scot's volume, knew, as he tells us, "neither letter nor line." Nobler, if not better, men than William was, were no less illiterate, and ill brooked that those with whom they consorted should know things unwritten in the laws of war or tourney. The cloister and the cell were the sole resort for those who preferred the gown to arms, and even literary leisure was not always to be found. Illuminators of manuscripts, book-binders, copiers of missals and godly tracts, were esteemed true labourers in the vineyard; to attend chapel and refectory duly went for laudable service. But father-abbots looked with small favour on such friars as Roger Bacon. Scripture had declared, and the Church had subscribed to the fact, that the earth was steadfast and rested upon pillars; neither Scripture, nor Councils, nor Decretals recommended scrutiny of the laws of nature. If a chemist could devise medicines good for the established diseases of monasteries—gout, stone, cholic, and indigestion—it was well; it was still better if he could turn into gold the tin and pewter ware of the refectory. But beyond such useful arts natural philosophy was a going down into Egypt in search of knowledge forbidden to the true Israelites of the Church.

In the Church Alexander Neckam abode, and to all appearance thrived. From a monk of Cirencester he became Abbot of that monastery, and in due time was buried in Worcester Cathedral, the Bishop being his "old and close" friend. Roger Bacon has said nearly all that can be said of Alexander Neckam in his *Compendium Studii Philosophie*, recently published by Professor Brewer:—"This Alexander in many things wrote what was true and useful; but he neither can nor ought, by just title, to be reckoned among authorities." Among authorities for science certainly not, until "the oldest inhabitant" be accepted as a voucher for progress and truth. But among authorities for many mediæval habits and facts he is excellent "authority," and the more so because he is unaware that he is putting anything memorable on record. Mr. Thomas Wright has written so instructive and agreeable a preface to the *De Naturis*

* *Alexandri Neckam De Naturis Rerum Libri Duo; with the Poem of the same Author, De Laudibus Divinae Sapientie.* Edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

Rerum that we might safely refer to it as a compendium of this learned and curious treatise. We may, however, point out a few of the more prominent sections of his preface. Alexander Neckam finds much in the very first word of the first chapter of Genesis that has totally escaped the Bishop of Natal. "He pretends that the fact of the Trinity is contained in the very letters of the first word of the Hebrew text of Genesis." How he proves so great a mystery we leave the editor to explain. Much does Alexander write, in rather blind and fanciful fashion, about astronomy, the moon, Pharaoh and his host, and on that fruitful topic of the schoolmen—angels, good and bad. These speculations, with one exception, we will spare our readers. The exception is, that Alexander is among the first persons to notice the popular belief in the Man in the Moon—a belief which somehow had reached Caliban in the still-vest Bermoothes. Having taken a cup too much, Caliban affirms that he has seen Stephano, "his dog and bush," in that planet. When he begins to treat of things he has seen, Alexander gets upon firmer ground, although even there he extracts "a use" as tediously as ever Scotch minister did from a text of Scripture. Throughout the realm of nature, indeed,

He apprehends a world of figures,
But not the form of what he should attend.

Tenderness for animals is a pleasing feature in ages when men were seldom merciful to their kind. The horse, the hound, and the falcon were the necessary companions of soldiers and sportsmen; but the castle was stocked with other inmates kept for pleasure or state. Bears and badgers were kept for baiting; lions were favourite animals in mediæval bestiaries; peacocks adorned the garden, and finally the table; and monkeys were petted for sport. A love of parody is innate in man. We have seen dogs and monkeys trained to imitate a fox-chase—

Confusion hazarding of neck and spine
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine;

and our ancestors, it seems, delighted in a corresponding burlesque of knightly tournament:—

Neckam tells of a jongleur who had two apes, which he took to tournaments, that they might observe the practices of the combatants, and then he trained two dogs to serve as horses. The apes were armed with shield, spear, sword, and spurs; and thus accoutred they spurred forward their steeds, broke their lances, and fought with swords, with all the earnestness of gallant knights, to the great delight of all lookers-on, and especially those who might have no objection to see the tournaments turned to ridicule. "Who," says Neckam, "on seeing it, could restrain his laughter?"

Weazels often are mentioned in mediæval story; they seem to have held the place of cats—which, from the value set upon them in the laws of Howel Dhu, must have been comparatively rare animals. If, however, the weazel of the twelfth century "always carried its victims to the feet of its master or mistress," it was better taught and more polite than its descendants are now.

As a commentator on Virgil, Neckam surpasses himself even as a divine. He finds an exposition of "fidus Achates" that beats for its ingenuity the famous derivation of King Pippin from diaper. He says "that the agate (*achates*) carried on the person renders the bearer amiable, eloquent, and powerful;" and he explains the story of Æneas having a faithful companion named Achates [*fidus Achates* it comes], by supposing that "he carried with him an agate stone, whereby he acquired the love of many people and was rescued from many dangers"! Was this fancy in Falstaff's mind when he taxes Poinz with having given him medicines to make him love him?

We have the authority of both Neckam and Shakspeare for assuming that the toad, albeit ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head; but Neckam, in his chapter on Toads, tells a story which assuredly Jeremy Taylor, had he read *De Naturis Rerum*, would have found place for in his *Holy Dying*:—

The Count of Pons-Isare was a nobleman of many great qualities, but they were obscured by his indulgence in gluttony. At length he died and was succeeded by his son, a youth in whom all the noble qualities of his race shone untainted, and who was a mirror of piety and charity. He frequently visited his father's tomb alone and wept and prayed over it; and he distributed alms to the poor abundantly, asking them in return to pray for his father's soul. One day he gave a great feast to the nobles of his neighbourhood; but when they were assembled, he desired them, before they began eating, to accompany him to his father's tomb. There he ordered the servants to remove the stone which covered the tomb, and, when this was done, the Count's guests beheld the body of the late Count with a loathsome toad clinging to its neck, as the offending part through which so much luxurious food had passed into his stomach.

Gluttony, Mr. Wright remarks, seems to have been a very prevalent vice in the middle ages. The readers of Dante will remember that this vice finds its condign recompense in one of the circles of the *Inferno*.

We could easily add to our extracts from this interesting record of a remote age. Mr. Wright's Preface, however, contains a complete and entertaining abstract of a treatise which throws considerable light on the social condition of England eight centuries ago. Though it consists of nearly ninety pages, we believe that no reader of it will complain of its length. The prose treatise is followed by a poem entitled *De Laudibus Sapientie*, which Mr. Wright at one time supposed to have been the earlier work of the two. But a careful comparison of them has led him to the conclusion that the reverse is the case. In his verses he alludes to the approach of old age—*faciem jam ruga senilis exarat*; to a distaste for foreign travel, in

words borrowed from Juvenal—*Rome quid facerem? mentiri nescio*; and to some trouble brought upon him by his relations with the court. The inference drawn by the editor is that Neckam composed *De Naturis Rerum* in Richard's reign, and *De Laudibus Sapientie* in that of John. The later work is a metrical paraphrase of the earlier, but though revised and enlarged it is much less readable, because from it nearly all the curious and instructive stories are omitted.

Of the several works published by the authority of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, some are more valuable, but none more curious, than this encyclopedic work of Alexander Neckam's. It is to the life speculative of the twelfth century what the Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelonde is to the life practical. In Abbot Sampson we behold the man of business; in Abbot Alexander, so far as we see him, the man of research and speculation.

THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.*

NO existing nation can boast that its greatness is entirely of home-growth. We are so fond of complacently contrasting our own happy and prosperous island with other countries which have been less swift and successful in the race, that we often forget how much of our happiness and prosperity may be due to those very nations which we have outstripped. The insular position of England, and her independent development of institutions in a certain degree peculiar to herself into others which will probably to a great extent remain equally so, have not kept her wholly out of contact with many phases of foreign political life to which her own presents no counterpart. Her very commerce, the foundation and mainstay of her European position and influence, is owing in a great measure to impulses first derived by her from foreign enterprise, and to combinations in which she originally had little or no share. Both the good and the evil fortunes of other trading nations have assisted in the establishment of our maritime supremacy. In the East and in the West, in India, Africa, and America, English traders have largely benefited by the teaching and the example of foreigners. The debts thus incurred have been often acknowledged, but it is not so well remembered that it was from a League composed of cities many of whose names are now unremembered, and with regard to whose general history the most absolute ignorance prevails, that we received our first lessons, as we also derived our first impulse, in foreign and maritime trade. England accorded to the Hanseatic League the fullest privileges at a time when her own commerce was still in its infancy. *La nation boutiquière* learnt many things before it learnt how to grow rich by trade; and even the struggle against the yoke of foreign ecclesiastical interference had been fought out before English commerce had known how to achieve for itself independence of foreign tutelage.

The history of the Hansa, though forming one of those rare portions of German history on which a native writer can look back with almost unalloyed satisfaction, as yet remains unwritten. The industrious compilation of Sartorius cannot be regarded as more than valuable material for the future writer, being deficient in almost every requisite of completeness. It has been indeed hoped that a distinguished historian, who up to a very recent date presided over the archives of the "Free and Hanseatic" city of Hamburg, would consent to fill up the gap. The vast and rare erudition of Dr. Lappenberg, the advantages of his position, and the many valuable publications he has already issued in connexion with the subject, united to point him out as the man for the work, which many readers both here and in Germany would gladly accept as the fruit of his honoured old age. Meanwhile, a valuable contribution has just been made to Hanseatic history, considered chiefly in its commercial bearings, by a French writer, M. Emile Worms, who has expanded into a considerable volume the essay which last year gained him the prize at the French Institute. It is no part of his plan to do more than sum up in the briefest and most annalistic manner the historical events which are necessary for the elucidation of his sketch. He therefore merely mentions the earlier wars with Denmark through which Lubeck and the Hansa passed to the glorious peace of 1370—glorious for these ambitious cities, since it contained a clause enacting that in future none should mount the Danish throne without having first asked and obtained the consent of the League; and he notices with similar brevity the success which for a time attended their efforts on behalf of the union of Schleswig and Holstein—names fruitful of war then as now—under the sovereignty of the latter Duchy. He is obliged to pass with equal rapidity over the most dramatic part of Hanseatic history—the struggle of Lubeck under Wullenweber against the Scandinavian kingdoms, supported by Dutch and Imperial influence. This episode—in which all the European intrigues of the time seem to come to a head, and in which commercial, political, and religious interests are curiously intermingled—has, however, been fully elucidated of late, in an elaborate work by Professor Waitz of Göttingen. After the intrepid burgo-master had defied church and aristocracy at home, and a world in arms abroad, while he governed Denmark by men of his own stamp at Copenhagen, his power at last collapsed, and he was

* *Histoire Commerciale de la Ligne Hanseatique*. Par Emile Worms. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut de France. Paris: Guillaumin et C^{ie}, 1864.

driven from office and home to end his life on a scaffold. The League had attempted to make its peace with the new King of Denmark, and Lubeck and the other cities were again ruled by the old respectable Town Councils; but the Hansa soon found that in this giant contest its strength had gone from it. Resort was had to embassies, reclamations, and supplications, instead of fleets like those which had ridden triumphantly in the Baltic, or of armies like those which Henry VIII.'s protégé, Sir Marcus Meyer, had led to victory and plunder; but the Hanseatic privileges were never really restored. The Thirty Years' War finished the existence of the League, notwithstanding the promises of Gustavus Adolphus, who, as usual, had been prodigal of fair words, while he was establishing a Swedish company to ruin the Hanseatic interests.

M. Worms' business is, of course, less with these closing scenes than with the rise and spread of that commerce which was the sole basis of the power of the League. He might, we think, have well spared the introductory sketch of the annals of commerce from the days of the Phœnicians. The history of his own subject he divides into three periods, and he fully sketches the commercial relations of the Hansa with every principal European country—especially, of course, with England, the Netherlands, and the various Baltic States—in each; and when at last, in his "Epilogue," he indulges himself in the relaxation of fine writing, he thus sums up the benefits which European commerce and civilization owe to the League:—

If then, in taking the initiative in commercial enterprises, the Hansaets spread these treasures over a large part of the ancient continent, can we without injustice refuse them the homage due to benefactors of the human race? Can we haggle about gratitude to those who politically and commercially brought the extremities of Europe nearer to one another; who took part in the establishment of the European family, into which their powerful aid helped the immense empire of Russia to enter; who gave to the relations of commerce that security which is indispensable to them, by dispersing, at the cost of sustained efforts and the greatest sacrifices, the rovers of the sea and the robbers of the mainland; who, while all along desirous of retaining the monopoly of commerce, everywhere communicated the strongest impulse to agriculture and all the transformations of the rude material; who threw down the majority of the barriers set up in hatred of foreigners, and put an end to the abuses of which the latter were the victims; who furnished models of commercial and maritime legislation to all modern nations, including France; who surrounded the right of neutrals with the respect due to it; who never ceased to claim, at least in their own behalf, the most extensive liberty of commerce; who, by the voice of their temporary guest, Grotius, proclaimed the liberty of the seas; who created the system of the modern herring- and whale-fisheries; who carried out many improvements in the art of navigation, and gave to the world scientific men like Nicholas Copernicus the astronomer, Philip Cluvier the geographer, and Otto de Guericke the physicist; who, by the general movement which they called into being, cannot even be considered strangers to the discovery of new Continents, brought about by the initiative of Portugal, where they had founded a flourishing establishment; and who, to sum up, if we will but judge them equitably, must be placed among the founders of the society and prosperity of our own day.

Such, M. Worms thinks, was the "providential mission" fulfilled by the Hanseatic League, which has certainly found no half-hearted prophet in him when he places Copernicus and Grotius to its credit, and somewhat ambiguously declares that the Hansaets never ceased to claim liberty of commerce, "at least in their own behalf." They certainly had no idea of allowing it to any one else, and half their wars were caused by their jealousy of the commerce of others, especially of the Low Countries. Nobody will, however, feel inclined to gainsay him when he continues:—

Have they not dragged various nations out of ignorance by their force alone? Has not the League given them their commercial education, and completed the lesson up to the point when the scholars dismissed their teacher? Was not England, which originally exported nothing but raw wool, under the influence of the Hansa, covered with manufactories, whose stuffs, by their fineness and cheapness, were soon able to compete with the similar products of the Low Countries? Were not the merchant-adventurers to English commerce what manufactories have been to English industry? Was it not the Hansaets who first revealed to this island its resources and its power? And has Russia had cause to complain of their interference? Does she not owe them her first step in the path of civilization, and was it not by them that she was first introduced into the movement of Europe and thus interested in an order of things to which she seemed to be obliged to be thoroughly hostile? Was it not they who lighted up Scania and the Netherlands, who everywhere called forth rich and vigorous life, everywhere breathed the spirit of democracy and commerce, and, while enriching themselves, enriched every people which they visited?

We scarcely think that M. Worms has overrated the beneficial influence of the Hanseatic League on English commerce. The reader will find a large space of the volume devoted to this branch of Hanseatic commercial history, which had already received much light from the investigations of Dr. Lappenberg. The first trace of an association of German traders dates from the reign of Henry II., when the inhabitants of Cologne received certain privileges in the wine-trade. Richard I. increased these, and granted the right of free navigation to the Lubeckers; and Henry III. permitted the merchants of Lubeck and Hamburg—which two States many writers, against the judgment of M. Worms, assume to have been the original founders of the League—to establish a commercial association or hansa (i.e. corporation, or guild) in England. This was the origin of the celebrated Hanseatic Steelyard of London, probably only an extension of the ancient "Guild-hall" of the Cologne traders. It stood in Lower Thames Street, and the last traces of the building were only removed during the past year. Dr. Lappenberg has devoted an interesting essay to the subject of this Steelyard and similar Hanseatic establishments at Boston and Lynn; but as this work has hitherto been reserved for private circulation, we may be allowed to remind our readers that much

of the information contained in it will be found in one of Dr. Pauli's entertaining essays entitled *Pictures of Old England*. In the reign of Edward III. the English merchants at last began to apply the lessons taught them by their enterprising guests. A society was formed, calling itself originally by the strange name of the Society of Thomas Becket, but soon known under that of the Merchant Adventurers. Notwithstanding protective measures in its favour by Edward III., the society was unable to hold its own, and was not revived till the year 1660, from which it lasted till it fell beneath the broader economy of the present century. The Hansaets continued to carry on a most profitable import and export trade in cloth and woollen goods with England, but had often to pay dearly for their favoured position. Their vessels were frequently seized on the most frivolous pretexts. Thus, in one year, 1462, during the War of the Roses, they lost no less than 62 merchant ships, whose value they estimated at 200,000*l.* While the lieges plundered, the Kings more civilly took what they wanted in the form of subsidies. At last, in the reign of Henry VI., the Hansaets refused any longer to submit to piracy; and the King transferred all their rights to the one city of Cologne. All other Hansaets found in England were put to death, and the League (being mistress of the sea) replied by ravaging the English coasts and hanging all prisoners mast high. The Treaty of Utrecht, concluded under Edward IV., settled matters in favour of the League, who, besides an indemnity of 10,000*l.*, were satisfied by the establishment of proper judicial authorities in case of future quarrels, and the cession to them of one of the city gates (Bishopsgate). Neither of the Tudor Henries molested them in the exercise of their privileges, unpopular as these were; and Henry VIII., we know, thought highly enough of the chief Hanseatic Governments to consult them, among other authorities, on the subject of his first marriage. The Hansaets were unwise enough to outstep their large franchises, and thus when, in the reign of Edward VI., they were found to be fraudulently importing goods not belonging to Hanseatic owners, they suddenly brought upon themselves utter ruin. A single order of the Privy Council at once swept away all their privileges, and placed them on the same footing as all other foreign merchants. This order, notwithstanding the opposition of Parliament and city, was annulled by Queen Mary, who favoured the friends of Spain and the Emperor. Her successor, on the other hand, crippled and restricted the profits of the Hanseatic merchants in every possible way, limited to a certain quantity their annual exportation of cloth, and in general made them smart for their attachment to the Spanish interest. But the League itself was already crumbling away, and was finally dissolved in 1662, only four years before the great fire of London swept away all the main portions of the building of the old Hanseatic Steelyard.

We have no space to touch on the interesting chapter in which M. Worms traces the cause of the decline and fall of the Hansa. It cannot be said to have been destroyed by the Thirty Years' War, whose commencement already found the League fallen so low that it could only assist one of its members, Stralsund, during the memorable siege of that city, by its prayers and a loan of 15,000 dollars. Time had brought to inevitable decay a confederacy whose conditions and purposes were alike of another age, and the want of religious and political harmony among its members did the rest. But with it there passed away from Germany the lead of the commercial world. The modern prosperity of various former members of the League rests on totally new grounds; and it is in venerable Lubeck rather than in opulent Hamburg and busy Bremen that the traditions of its glories must be sought.

REST AND PAIN.*

THE appointment of Professor to the London College of Surgeons is one rather of honour than of emolument, and the duties are widely different from those fulfilled by learned Professors at Medical Schools and at the Universities. It would be beyond our purpose to describe the constitution of the worshipful bodies which in London respectively represent the Physicians and Surgeons. But the public generally know so little of them that a story is told of a certain old lady who once sent in a great hurry at night to the College of Physicians, desiring that a few doctors might be forwarded to her immediately. She laboured under the erroneous belief that the establishments in Pall Mall and Lincoln's Inn Fields were houses of call for physicians and surgeons, where relays of eminent practitioners were kept in constant attendance for cases of emergency. It would be as great a mistake to suppose that the lectures which form the groundwork of this book are of the elementary kind which Professors deliver for the instruction of their classes. The lecturers at the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons address the most learned medical and surgical auditories in the kingdom, as only those who already possess the respective degrees have the privilege of admission. The subjects are selected and the lectures planned with special regard to the audience, and therefore are usually very abstruse and scientific, and hopelessly bewildering to the non-professional mind. Occasionally, however, the lecturers undertake the investigation of

* On the Influence of Mechanical and Physiological Rest in the Treatment of Accidents and Surgical Diseases, and the Diagnostic Value of Pain. A Course of Lectures delivered at the College of Surgeons of England in the Years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By John Hilton, F.R.C.S., late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College, &c. London: Bell & Daldy. 1863.

subjects which have been rather neglected because of their supposed simplicity; just as Mr. Hilton has dealt with the cause of Pain and the curative influence of Rest. And the uniformly good result in all these instances has tended to encourage more elaborate investigations into the ordinary phenomena of life in health and disease, and to prove how little exact knowledge is often possessed about things apparently the most simple, and how frequently man is "most ignorant of what he's most assured."

The Professors at the College of Surgeons have to deliver certain courses of lectures, such as we have described, in each year. The gentlemen who hold these appointments are carefully selected, and have special departments assigned to them according to their peculiar experience and aptitude. Taking collectively their allotted duties, the whole domain of surgical science may be said to be under survey. So these "College lectures" are largely attended, and well attended to; and there is no such royal road to solid success in the surgical department of the profession as the delivery of a good course of practical lectures to such a critical audience. This book of Mr. Hilton's contains the lectures which he delivered whilst Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the College of Surgeons. They have been re-arranged, and otherwise altered in some minor respects, but this has not been satisfactorily done. As in serial tales the unities have to be somewhat violated in order to maintain a current interest in the story, so we find that published scientific lectures are apt to carry with them that sense of the *ego* which is essential for duly impressing an auditory, but which somewhat distracts the attention when it is only the book that speaks. The method which Mr. Hilton has adopted in considering his subject is eminently original and practical. According to professional rule and tradition, Pain has hitherto been held to be exclusively of surgical interest; whilst the usefulness of Rest, and its wide application as "the chief nourisher in life's feast," was a matter for leisurely anatomical demonstration. Mr. Hilton has treated of Pain as an anatomist, and of Rest as a surgeon—arguing that, for the relief of pain, it is necessary to know its exact source, and that, for understanding all the wonderful restorative influence of Rest, it is needful to study its effects in injury and disease. Simple as these propositions appear, their adoption in practice will do more for the service of suffering humanity than any of those pretentious medical discoveries which only dazzle by their brilliancy or novelty.

The views of Mr. Hilton may be fairly taken to represent those of a school which has done very much of late years to make medicine and surgery something better than a mystery and an art, and to place them among the most noble of the applied sciences. Knowledge is the foundation on which they build, and common sense the cement which holds together the superstructure they raise. The men of this new school have no taste for fanciful theories without a rag of proof, such as were solemnly believed in the times of Brown and Broussais. But, beyond and above all, they are intensely reverential. They wrestle with their work, seeking by every means that man's wit has devised to gain knowledge of the very innermost secrets of existence. No toil is too hard or too repulsive if it only bring a new fact to add to their store. Accusations of indifference and infidelity never trouble them, for they have ceased to doubt except about themselves, and leave it to their maligners to distrust the Almighty. When men could preach long homilies from the wonders revealed by the microscope and scalpel, can it be believed that such texts have not a teaching for them also? This spirit of reverence is very discernible throughout Mr. Hilton's book, more frequently in allusion than in word; and we especially mention it since the researches he has instituted into the structural relations of parts are just of that kind which heretofore induced shortsighted and bigoted people to denounce very minute anatomical investigation as something akin to irreligion. If it were possible to make clear to non-professional readers the exquisitely beautiful arrangement by which the work of our bodies is carried on under the control of a nervous system made up of minute threads on which our very lives hang, the demonstrations of Mr. Hilton would open a new world to the admiration of men; for, throughout the whole work, his large experience and great practical knowledge as a surgeon are constantly brought to bear in order to show the purpose and perfection of the anatomical arrangements which he describes, especially as concerns the distribution of the nerves and their relation to the production of pain.

Of the principle taught some general idea may be gathered from an every-day illustration. When a telegraph bell rings at the station, an inexperienced person looks for the cord that pulls it, just as he would put his hand to the part where he feels a twinge of pain. The telegraph clerk only takes note of the sound of the bell so far as to recognise that he is wanted, and proceeds to find out whence the message comes, or, in other words, to learn the origin of that disturbance in the electrical condition of the wire which caused his bell to ring. It would be mere guess-work were he to take down the words confusedly as they arrive, and trust to some chance expression which should denote the stations from which they proceed. Just as the telegraph wires form a complicated network over the country, ready to conduct messages from anywhere to anywhere else, so are the nerves distributed over the body. To a sharp pain which the patient describes, the surgical expert pays just the same attention which the clerk does to a signal bell. The sufferer may, and often does, insist that the

cause of pain exists where the feeling is most acute, or, as Mr. Hilton puts it—

Patients judge of the position of their own disease most frequently by the situation of the most permanent painful symptoms, or by those most palpable to their senses; whilst we surgeons, relying upon our knowledge of the true cause of the symptoms, judge of the seat of the disease by a just interpretation of the symptoms through the medium of normal anatomy. We know by experience that such symptoms may exhibit themselves at, or far removed from, the actual seat of the disease.

Now, when we remember that it is only by anatomical investigation that men learn the lay of the wires, as it is called in telegraph-office slang—that is, the exact source of pain, whether immediate, remote, or situated on some cross tract—it is easy to understand how very much the patient's chance of permanent relief depends upon the primary cause being thus exactly recognised:—

I think (says Mr. Hilton) that if the distribution of nerves were studied in this way, trying to fix upon them some practical references in relation to symptoms which are oftentimes very remotely situated from the real cause of the mischief, it might tend to make the study of this part of human anatomy more intensely interesting, and certainly more useful than it appears to be in the consideration of many persons.

And the illustrations which Mr. Hilton cites with simple anatomical precision read like texts beside which even Paley's famous illustration of the watch appears commonplace and coarse. The majority of mankind know no more of the meaning of the pains they feel than they did in the time of Lucian, who, in his *Triumphs of the Gout*, makes Ocytus exclaim:—

I indeed

Know that I suffer pain, and that is all.

It is a merciful thing for us, considering how sharp are the agonies endured, that memory rarely reproduces to us the whole severity of physical suffering—certainly not with that intense realization which often accompanies the recollection, even in dreams, of great mental anguish. So it is good news for mankind that medical authorities are intent on accepting suffering as a thing to be relieved, and are occupied in working out the means of relieving it, instead of letting patients die because of the doctor's heroic devotion to some pet theory, or squabbling among themselves in the unseemly manner of the Diaforus school.

We do not depreciate diamonds by saying they are ill-set, and the lamentable disregard of order in Mr. Hilton's book does not diminish the scientific value of his work. It would have been a far preferable arrangement if the causation of pain had been first considered, with the important illustrations which he dispersedly adduces. Then would have naturally followed his elaborate demonstrations of the beautiful adaptations by which we are preserved from pain; of the expedients instinctively adopted or beneficently provided for the relief of pain; and, lastly, a consideration of the value of rest as a curative agent. Mr. Hilton has described with great clearness some of the exquisite compensatory arrangements by which we are preserved from destruction, and especially the water-bed, or fluid buffer, which saves the magisterial parts—the brain and spinal cord—from sudden jolt or jar. But for this protection to the nervous centres, any sudden jerk, such as a leap, would destroy the delicate nerves of sensation and motion wholesale, just as a housemaid brushes away cobwebs. Provisions such as these are obviously intended to insure a condition of comparative rest, and of immunity from shock, to the most important and most delicate parts of the human fabric; so that the passing on to the consideration of the subject of rest, and its value as a curative agent, would have been equally natural and logical. In all ages of medical science, the value of rest has been admitted with more or less distinctness. That sensible old general practitioner Celsus declares it, in certain medical matters, to be "optimum medicamentum," and he says that, in surgery, "optima est." There are a few early essays on the subject—chiefly crude theses, such as foreign graduates were expected to present before obtaining their degrees. But the first really practical dissertation as to the effects of motion and rest, distinctly recognising the curative value of these agents, was a prize essay presented to the French Academy in 1778. Mr. Hilton refers to this, but does not appear to be aware that it was translated by Justamond of the Westminster Hospital, with additional remarks by the author, and some valuable comments by the translator.

We should convey a poor idea of the laborious researches made by Mr. Hilton if we were content merely to look at the result as he states it, "that every pain has its distinct and pregnant significance if we will but carefully search for it." And the uses of rest he has demonstrated by illustrating the various applications of it, both conservative and curative; attempting, as he modestly puts it—

To shadow forth the appliances for the attainment of that which an accurate anatomical and physiological acquaintance with the structure and endowments of every organ and limb will whisper to the mind earnestly intent upon their relief when in a state of disease or derangement.

The means which he has taken to work out his purpose tell of a deep-rooted faith that Nature gave to us at once, and in the same frame, a perfect machinery for the purposes of life and for the reparation of mischief caused by injury or disease. His account of the effects of rest is made up chiefly of illustrations showing how mighty is the power of nature to cure, if only care is taken (and herein great skill and knowledge are required) that perfect rest be ensured. And the only fault that can be found with the

teaching of that new school which we have described, and to which Mr. Hilton belongs, is that this word "Nature" is so often vicariously employed. This objection has greater force than may at first appear. For the use of the word "Nature," as a synonym for Divine working, allows of many wild theories and loose doctrines being propounded from which men would shrink in abhorrence if that were expressed which is only implied. We have spoken of the reverential spirit of those who are working only for the good of mankind. By way of contrast, and to show the sort of faith held by those whom such men condemn as ignorant and abhor as impostors, we give the tenets accepted by the most flourishing tribe of modern quacks, whose chief prophet is Hahnemann. It is the creed of the homœopaths that, to use the words of their master—

The vital power was not given us that we should follow it as our best guide in the cure of disease, and emulate in a servile manner its imperfect attempts to restore health—and, finally, to make a bad copy of the inefficacious aid which Nature affords when abandoned to her own resources. . . . That innate power of man which directs life in the most perfect manner whilst in health was not created for the purpose of aiding itself in disease.

In other words, let us eat, drink, and be merry, and, if the worst comes to the worst, lay the blame on Nature. But who will represent Nature at the Day of Judgment?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

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444 West Strand, Feb. 1864. GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Sec. LEWIS POCOCK, }

NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE, 120 Pall Mall. NOTICE is hereby Given, that an ADJOURNED MEETING of the GENERAL COMMITTEE will be held on Monday, February 15, at the SOCIETY of ARTS, to receive (1) A Report from the Site and Monument Committee; (2) A Report from the Dramatic and Entertainment Committee. The Chair will be taken at Four o'clock P.M. by His Grace the Duke of Manchester.

W. HEPWORTH DIXON, } Hon. Sec. J. O. HALLIWELL, }

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.—The

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of March next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London; Morning Meetings at Twelve, and Evening ditto at seven.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction; on Practical Shipbuilding; on Steam Navigation; on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

Naval Architects, Ship Builders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers, who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested to send immediate notice of the Subject and Title of the Paper to the Secretary; and it is requested that the Paper itself, with illustrative drawings, be deposited at the Offices of the Institution on or before the 1st of March next.

Candidates for admission as Members, or as Associates, must send in their applications on or before the 1st of March next. The Annual Subscription of £2 2s. is payable on admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

*A Volume IV. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and its delivery to the Members and Associates will take place immediately.

7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. D. THICE, Assist.-Secretary.

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Professor WILLIAMS, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Thirty-six LECTURES on APPLIED MECHANICS on Monday, February 15, at Twelve o'clock, to be continued on every week day but Saturday. Fee for the Course, £1.

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